Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
JULY 1989

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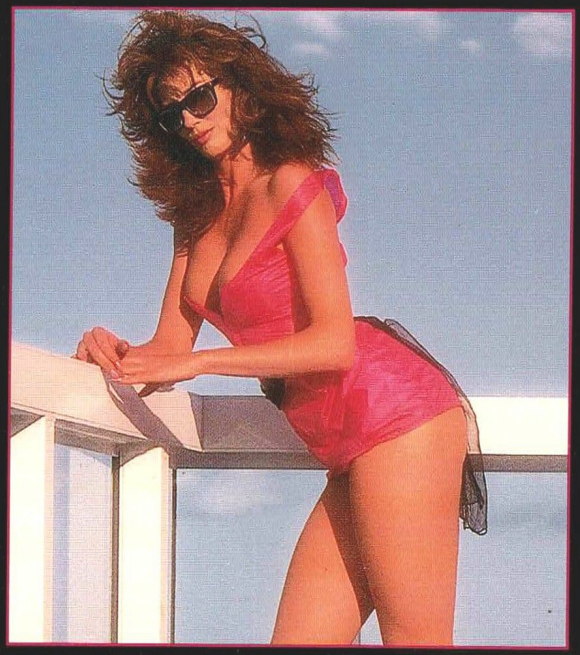
EDITION



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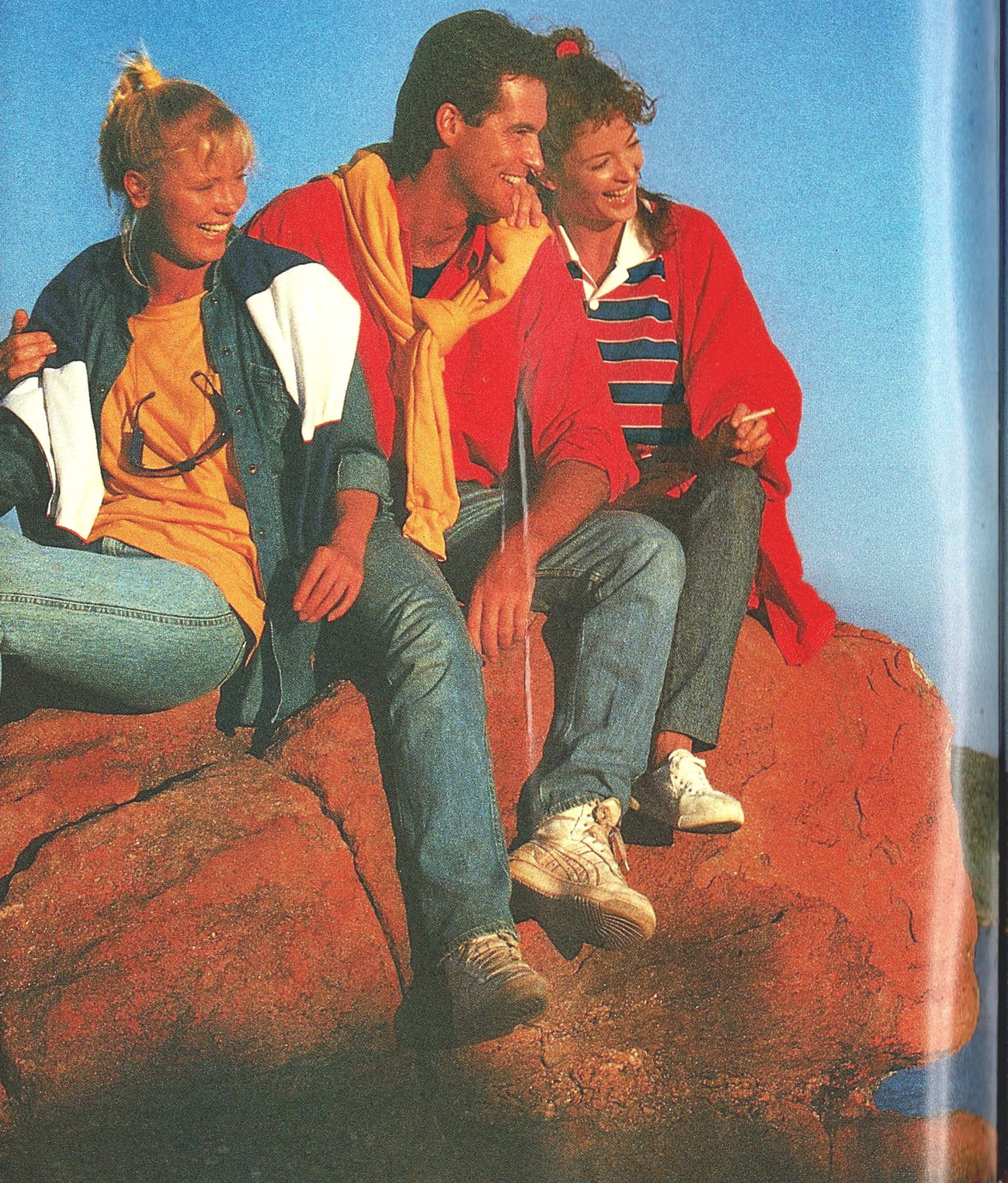

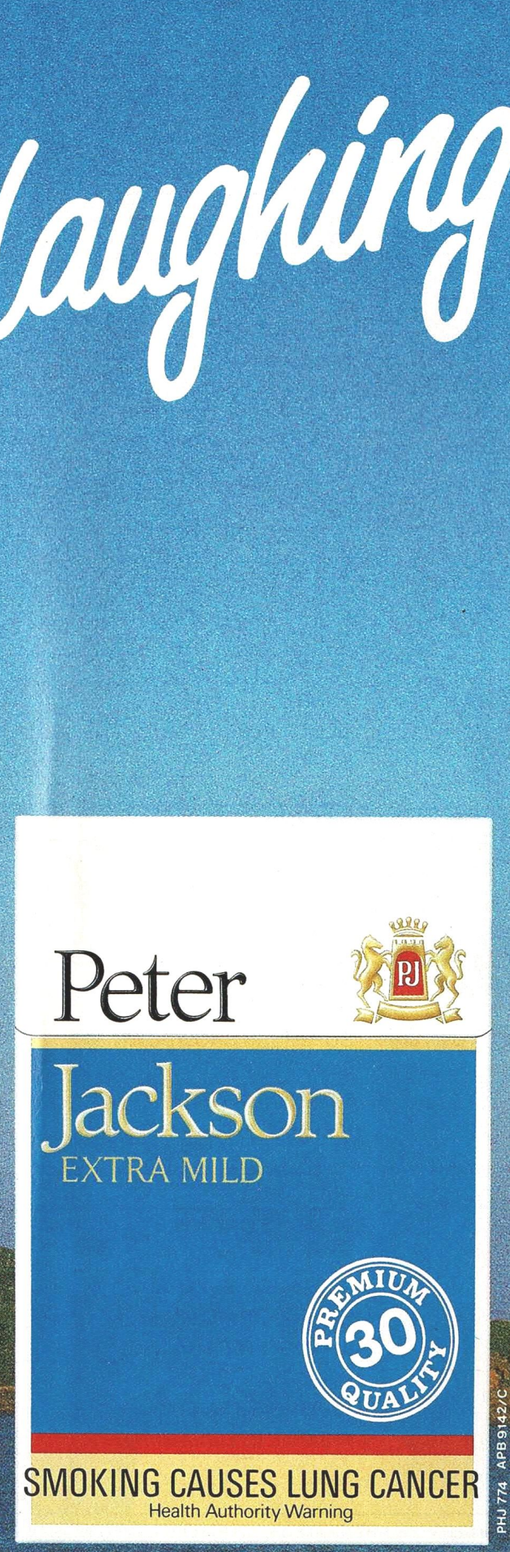

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Australia's best value cigarette.

Australian
PENTHOUSE
Black Label Edition

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 10 No 7/July 1989

Femmes Fatales

The Cut-Price Coup

Pet Of The Month

REGULARS

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William Grant of Glenfiddich

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Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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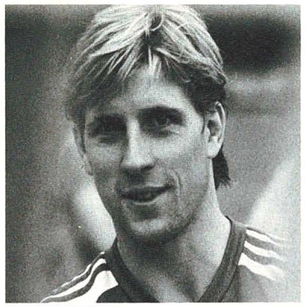
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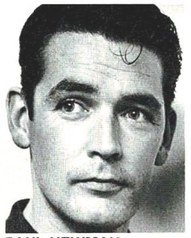
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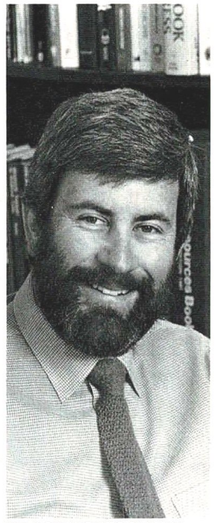
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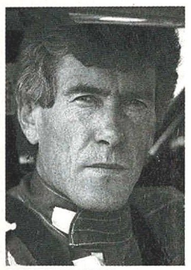

PETER McKAY

HOUSECALL

MODERN MALE DILEMMAS
For generations women have been getting advice from magazines on subjects ranging from snaring a man to clipping a toenail. No wonder they always seem to know what they're doing. But what about the bloke? Where can he turn for guidance in times of difficulty and turmoil? He either goes to the pub and cries into his beer or shells out a fortune on a shrink in the hope of getting the sort of sane, sensible, down-to-Earth advice offered by clinical psychologist **Dr Bob Montgomery**, who begins a regular column on Modern Male Dilemmas this month. The subject: how to save your relationship when you're caught having an affair. The illustration by **John Scott** is on page 114.

THE CUT-PRICE COUP
Late in 1986, one Australian mercenary was all set to overthrow the government of the Seychelles. But in the underworld farce that unfolded, he ended up with egg on his face and a bum murder rap. **Jack Hobson** traces one of the most unlikely criminal cases of the decade. **Nigel Buchanan** illustrated the piece on page 34.

FLAMING ARROWS
Formula One drivers, hailed for their skill and courage, run a distant second to Top Fuel dragsters when it comes to horsepower. **Ewan Page** explains the intricacies of the sport and charts Australian Jim Read's balls-and-all battle with America's top guns. The photos on page 50 were shot by **Warwick Kent.**

FEMMES FATALES
Modern pentathlon used to be the domain of macho army officers and policemen. Now it's being contested by an alluring breed of fighting fit females, among them the recently formed Australian national squad who welcomed the chance of exposure in *Penthouse.* Pentathlete **Alex Watson** wrote the words and contributed the scintillating photos on page 54.

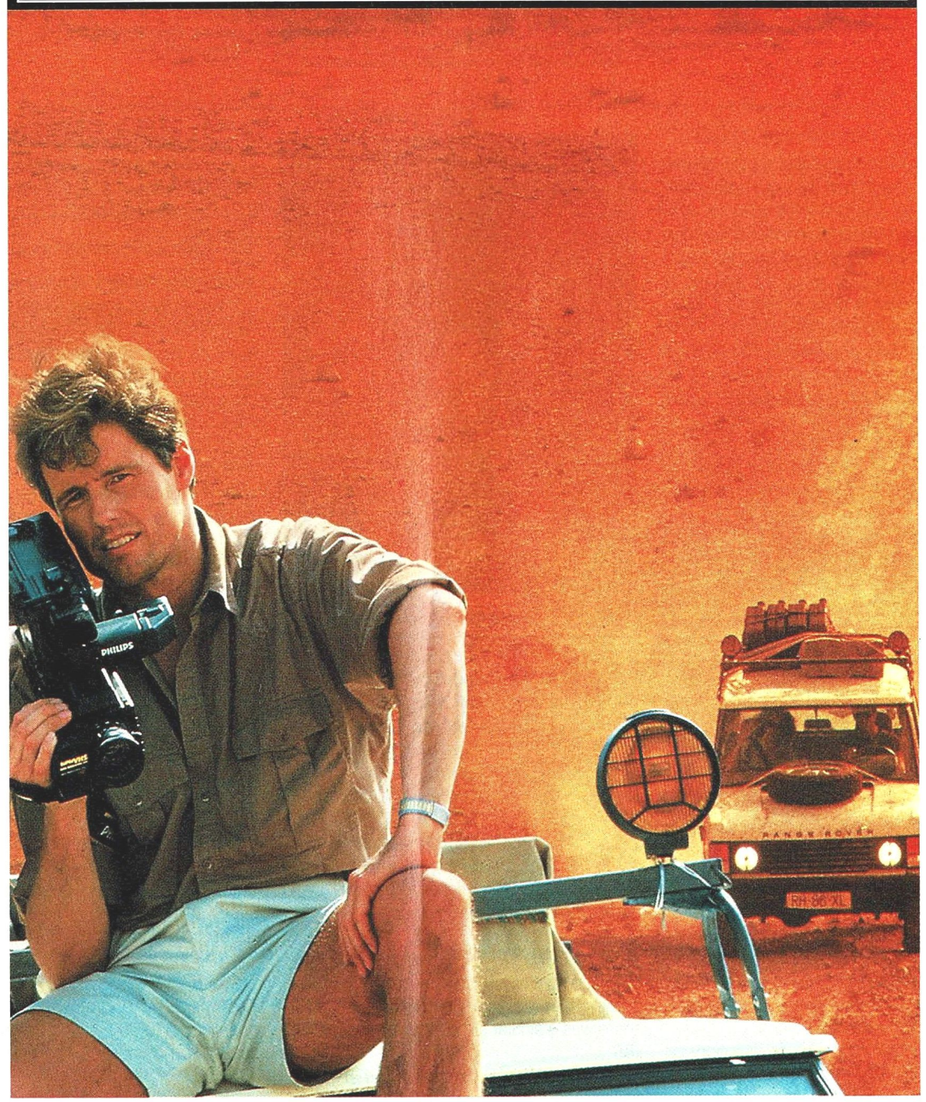
THE BODY ELECTRIC
Arnold Schwarzenegger is one of the cinema's most bankable commodities. **John Baxter** profiles the likeable Austrian who used brains to turn beefcake into big business. **Paul Newman's** illustration is on page 60.

HARD ROCK
Australian bands like Machinations and Wa Wa Nee are jumping on the video erotica bandwagon in their desperate attempts to get airplay. On page 74 **Donald Robertson** tells how market forces are turning rock 'n' roll into a non-stop tit and bum show. The accompanying illustration is by **John Scott.**

SUPERCAR SHOWDOWN
Every manufacturer these days wants to create their own ultimate sports car. The current benchmarks are the Ferrari F40 and Porsche 959. Which is the fastest, the thrillingest, the best? Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** pronounces judgement on page 90.

SWEET & SOUR
They were partners in business, mates in life . . . until the girl came along. Then they found out the hard way that some women aren't worth fighting for. Top fiction from **James Keith**, illustrated by **Cameron Singleton** and starting on page 102.

EXPLORATION



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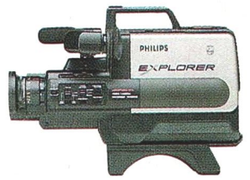

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Poster protest

I am writing to protest the recent placement of advertisements for your magazine around Sydney. These advertisements, featuring a woman and the words "Men who like women like *Penthouse*", have been placed at several bus stops as well as in prominent positions around the city. As a woman who catches buses every day I find it most intimidating and insulting to have to sit beneath one of these posters. Several such posters have already been defaced by other people who have also evidently been angered by such tripe. At a time when it is not safe for women in particular to travel on public transport these advertisements seem to be in particularly bad taste.

I understand that you have to advertise your magazine, but if this is typical of your advertising standards then it is quite evident to all, including your male readers, that men who like *Penthouse* hate women. — *Catherine Snelgrove, Sydney, NSW*

While I am by no means a wowser or a radical feminist (I would not brand your magazine as pornographic or engaged in the exploitation of women), I feel compelled to express my distaste for your advertising slogan "Men who like women like *Penthouse*."

I do believe that there is a place for magazines such as yours, but not among "men who like women." Men who *like* women respect them as intelligent individuals — as opposed to those men who like women's bodies as objects of their own sexual gratification, but don't really give a damn about women as worthy human beings.

I suggest that it is the latter category of men to which your publication generally appeals. — *Ms J. Sanders, Waverton, NSW*

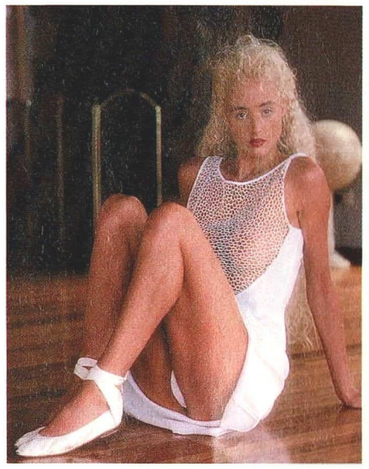
In response to your latest advertisement liberally displayed around Sydney on UTA bus shelter boards, etc, I would like to register my opinion that they are offensive and degrading. As a member of the general public and a rate-paying user of the transport system, I demand their immediate removal. — *Name indecipherable, Sydney*

Men who like women are willing to print women's opinions. — Ed

Crocodile Man

I'm looking forward to David Ireland's film *Crocodile Man*. If it's anywhere near as entertaining as his account of how he got the underwater footage of crocodiles (April *Penthouse*), it'll be well worth the price of admission. Can you give us an exact schedule for the screening of the film in Melbourne? — *J. Smythe, Nunawading, Vic*

Nope. Ireland is still editing his film and informs us that production is a little behind schedule for a July release. You'll just have to keep your ear to the ground. — Ed



Terri Bowie . . . terrific

On The Edge

Just a note to let you know how much The Edge improved your April edition. I noticed there was a similar supplement in December '88.

Is this a triannual, a quarterly that turned up late, an occasional inclusion, or what? Can we expect more supplements on wine, hi-fi, lifestyles, fitness and so on in the future? — *A regular reader, Potts Point, NSW*

Let's just say it's a regular occasional feature supplement. That should cover us. — Ed

The *Penthouse* interview

Now that *Penthouse* has interviewed (exclusively) both God (June '87) and Marilyn Monroe (April '89), might I suggest some further interview subjects whose thoughts would be of interest to your readers? What about Adolf Hitler, John F. Kennedy, James Dean, William Shakespeare and Ronald Reagan? Is there an odd man out here? See if you can pick him. — *Michael Weston, Canberra, ACT*

Wild about Wally

Your interview with Wally Lewis in the April issue was hot. I'll be buying the May issue as soon as it hits the stands as I can't wait to read the second half. Congratulations on the candor. — *J. Randall, Melbourne, Vic*

The first part of your Wally Lewis interview was the best excuse yet for buying *Penthouse*. With Australian content of this standard I can quite honestly state that I do buy *Penthouse* for the articles. — *R. Scott, Brisbane, Qld*

It was with great interest that I read your April interview with Wally Lewis. I pored over every word and actually went back to read it again. And you know, after all that, I still think he sucks. — *L. Bannister, Newtown, NSW*

Terri terrific

Your Pet Of The Year Terri Bowie is absolutely gorgeous. Where do you find 'em? Where do they go to after they've appeared in *Penthouse*? Do Pets have pets?

If so, I do a good impression of rolling over and begging. — *M. Fitzpatrick, Maroubra, NSW*

I read with interest that your Pet Of The Year wins a car and other prizes to the value of around $70,000. I think this is ridiculously sexist as nowhere is there an equivalent competition and big prize for men who take their clothes off. I've a good mind to report you to the Equal Opportunities board. I am willing to settle out of court if you give me Terri Bowie's phone number. — *H.R. Ellis, Campbelltown, NSW*

The war on sex

I wish to raise a point not mentioned in your article The War On Sex (April *Penthouse*). In Australia, I understand through my contacts, *Penthouse* is the one magazine that consistently pushes the censorship limits — our flagship of individual freedom.

Strong words, yes. Strong stuff, *Penthouse*. Enough crawling. — *T. Miles, Canberra, ACT*

Why important Companies are coming to Wendy Manzo Diamonds in increasing numbers.

Wendy Manzo Diamonds' Corporate Division offers a remarkable range of services to complement our celebrated jewellery.

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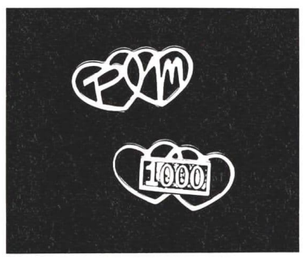
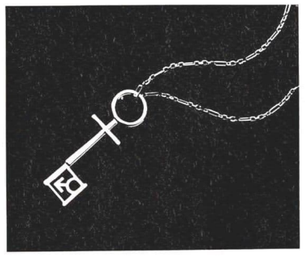


Lapel pins created and designed by Wendy Manzo for Channel 10's Perfect Match.

Wendy MANZO DIAMONDS AT THE HILTON



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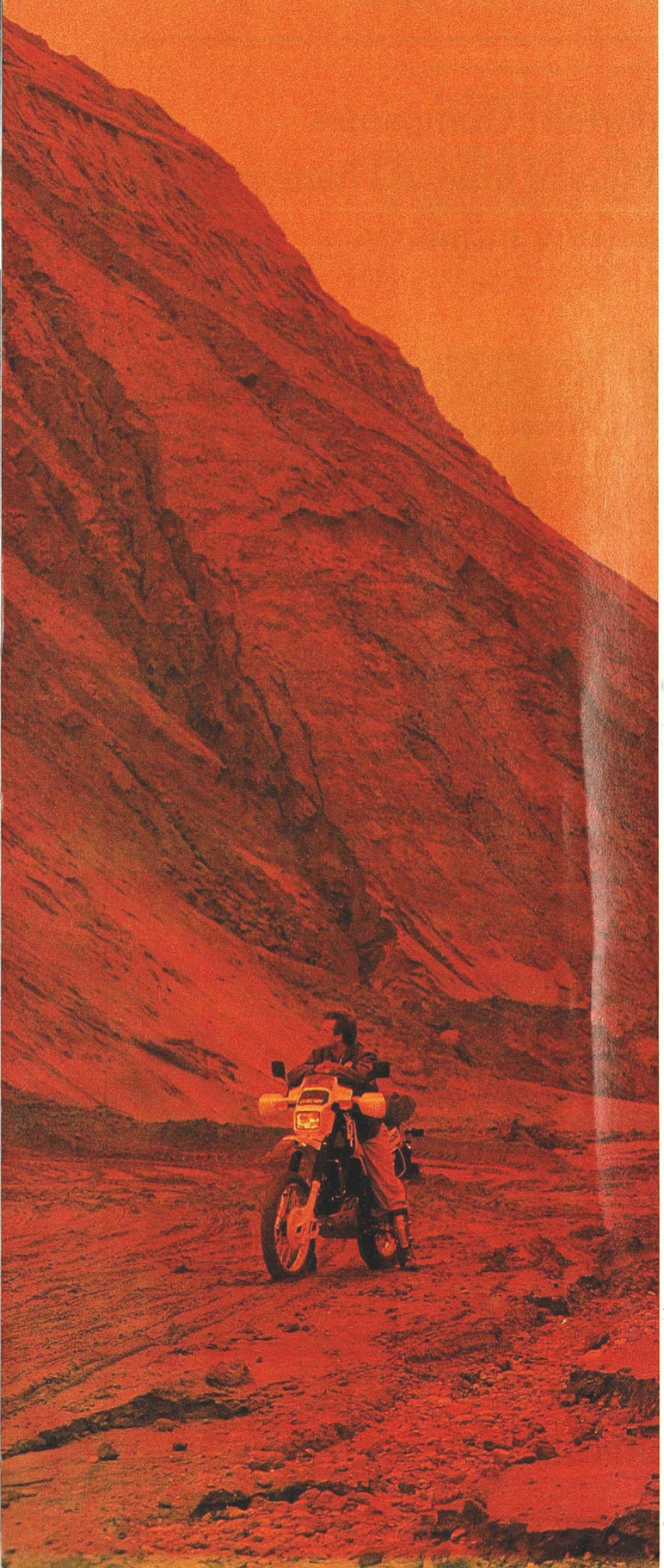

Disappear into the wilderness with a return ticket.

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Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Party girl

I thought I'd relate a story to your readers that is so incredible, I can't believe it myself. You see, I am a girl with a lot of time on my hands. I have no need to work because of a healthy inheritance that has left me well taken care of. My life is consumed by only one thing — the quest for the ultimate erotic pleasure.

A few months ago I had quite an interesting encounter. I was at a local dance club with a girlfriend. We were dressed to kill, and I was wearing a loose low-cut white top that showed just enough of my magnificent tits. Needless to say, I had an endless string of guys intent on a quick feel. My girlfriend and I were having the time of our lives.

At about 2am, my girlfriend had to leave. Not quite ready myself, I decided to stick around a little longer. A few minutes later, two gorgeous guys came up to the bar and sat on either side of me. "Where's your friend?" one asked. "Unfortunately, she had to go," I replied. "So what's a beautiful young lady like you drinking alone for?" said his friend. I lied and told them that I was just about to leave.

The one on my right had a deep tan, muscular build, and dark brown hair. The guy on my left, though not as well-built, had blond hair and beautiful, penetrating blue eyes that made me melt with each withering glance. They continued to talk to me, until I finally suggested that I would stay if we moved from the bar to one of the corner booths. "It would be more comfortable," I said.

We took our drinks and strolled toward the booth. I could feel their eyes scanning every inch of my body as I walked slowly ahead of them. My short skirt barely covered my arse, and ! knew they were fighting the urge to reach out and grab a handful of my firm, rounded cheeks. I hesitated at the table, allowing my blond friend to slide in first. I followed, his mate sitting down last, so they were again on either side of me. The booth was long and probably sat four or five people on each side. I moved closer to the blond guy. We were quite secluded.

After a bit of small talk, I was growing anxious to really get to know my newfound friends. I inquired why they picked me to talk to, and the brunette replied, "You're the nicest thing in here and we couldn't stand seeing you all alone."

"Well, isn't that sweet," I said, and leaned over to plant a wet kiss on his cheek. At the same time I grabbed his leg and felt his manhood. "Hey," his friend blurted out, "I'm getting jealous over here!" So I leaned over, my loose top billowing, and to his glee, kissed him as well. "I can't remember the last time I was in the company of two nicer guys," I said. My hands were resting on each of their knees as I spoke. I figured that I'd go for broke and added, "You make a girl feel so alive! I'd like to fuck you both right here!" My hands massaged each stud's legs until I found their growing cocks straining beneath their pants. "Oh," I panted, "you both feel so hard and so big." They leaned back and spread their legs for me. The size of the table and the darkness of the corner concealed my activity. The bar was slowly emptying; closing time was only an hour or so away.

I glanced down at the muscular stud on my right, watching my hand rub up and down the long bulge inside his thigh. I looked up into his eyes and licked my lips. He knew what I wanted. Meanwhile, my left hand was working up a hell of a hard-on. As I squeezed and stroked his thigh, I found myself massaging an ever-increasing slab of meat. I had to see what I had hold of. I kissed my first lover and then leaned to the left. I looked up at my blond stud and then down at his crotch. As skinny as he was, I was surprised by the enormous pole beneath his clothes. I unzipped his pants and tried to withdraw his long cock. He saw me struggling with it, but it was so large that as I pumped it to full erection, it hit the bottom of the table.

Next I worked on his muscular partner, pulling his cock out as well. Though not as long as his friend's, it was a formidable specimen — probably about eight inches or so. I leaned back and pumped their beautiful cocks, one in each hand, beneath the table. By now one was fingering my dripping pussy as his friend leaned over to suck my hard nipples right through my top. It was ecstasy, knowing we could be caught at any minute in our love feast. There I sat with two hard, pulsating cocks at my disposal. I couldn't stand it any longer. I sank under the table, shielded by the booth, and grabbed my muscular stud's fat cock. My mouth was barely wide enough to take him in, but I managed to pump and suck him to a shuddering climax, swallowing every drop of his sweet come.

I next turned my attention to the towering monolith on the right. He had kept his cock stiff and ready. I still couldn't believe the size compared to its owner. I slowly licked his balls, working my way up the shaft until my head hit the table. I grasped the long shaft at the base, tilting it down toward me, then plunged my mouth over its large head. My hand pumped his long cock as I sucked, feeling it pulsing and growing hard as granite. He moaned softly and I pulled off just in time to see a long stream of come hitting the bottom of the table. His next load shot at me, and I again took his still-hard tool in my wanting mouth.

After sucking him dry, I climbed up be-

tween him and his friend, licking my lips and smiling. "How was that, boys?" I laughed. They just sat there with these big dumb smiles on their faces. Needless to say, they followed me home to continue our escapade. But that, I say, is another story. — *Name and address withheld*

Love at first sight

When I first met him, I knew that I should be dating him, not his friend. I could tell by the way Derek moved that he was good in bed. His hips glided as he walked and his broad shoulders accentuated everything below his belt buckle. He was the perfect male in my eyes, and I was very disappointed that I had met his friend first. I could tell by the look in Derek's eyes that he was interested in me, too. From the first moment, I knew I would soon have an incredible sexual experience with him.

One night, a few weeks later, I had gone out on a date with his friend Sam. We had a little tiff, and he refused to drive me home, so I called Derek, who gladly accepted the responsibility. When he arrived, I could tell that this wouldn't be the evening's end, but rather, its beginning.

As I slid next to him in the car, I felt myself becoming wet with excitement just from being alone with him for the first time. Judging from the growing bulge in his pants, I knew he was equally excited. When he turned into his driveway, I didn't argue. We quickly walked to his flat, exchanging little conversation. We were too curious to ruin the moment with meaningless words. He opened his door to reveal a room gently lit by candles. I believe he had been expecting me.

I settled right down on his bed and stared at the man I longed to feel inside me. He must have read the look in my eyes, because he sat down next to me and began to caress my neck with his lips. I could feel my thighs growing wetter, but I controlled myself, allowing him to lead the way. He kissed his way up to my lips and devoured them passionately. Derek darted his tongue in and out of my moist mouth, driving me crazy. I thought I'd go nuts if he didn't touch my swollen clit, but he found my aching breasts instead as we both reclined back on to the bed. I couldn't keep my hands still any longer, so I moved them up and down his body, feeling every inch of his strong physique. This excited me even more, and I moved so I could feel his hard cock rub against me. It was very large, much bigger than I'd imagined. He unbuttoned my blouse, finding his way to my bare breasts. I reached for his erect tool and found the tip had moistened.

Our bodies slowly began to move in synchronisation. Derek's hands moved toward my stomach, down to my wet vagina. I had to have him inside me. He moved on top of me so swiftly, I was surprised when I felt his weight on me. I could feel our love juices becoming one, and I no longer wanted foreplay, I wanted his hot cock inside me. He must have read my movements, because at that second he thrust his manhood so deep inside, I thought I would come right then. He paused to control his excitement, and then began an hour of pure pleasure.

He slid in and out of my box, gently caressing my thighs, neck, and breasts. I wanted him deeper in me, so when he suggested — through body language — that I get on top, I jumped to it. We slowly repositioned, keeping his cock inside me. Looking at him was enough to make me come, so I closed my eyes and concentrated on the movement within me. Our bodies rubbed against each other. We moved as if we wanted more but could not seem to get enough. He reached for my clit and began to tease it. I touched his balls, helping him along, as we both reached climax together. His hot jism exploding inside me created another tidal wave of sensation, and I shook as I came yet again. I lowered my tired, sweaty and shaking body down, kissing him as we pulled apart. We lay there together for several hours.

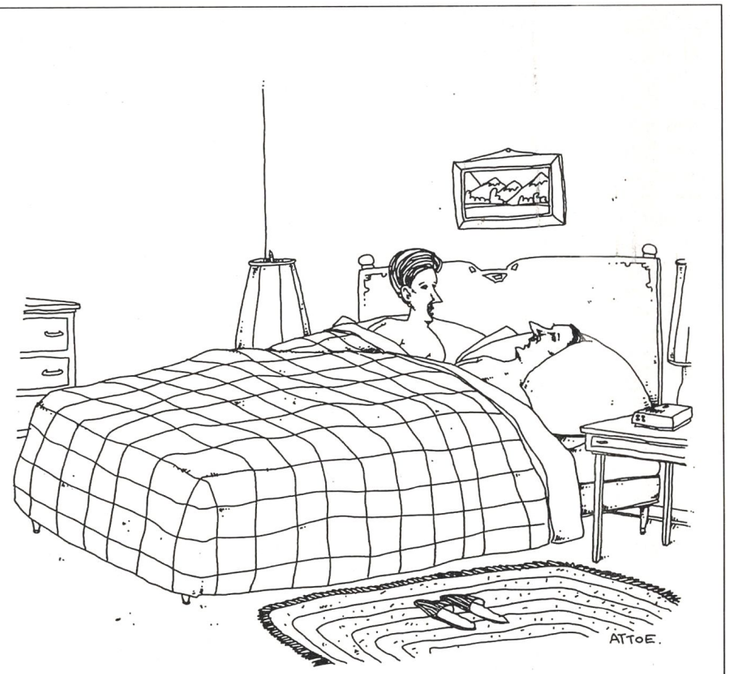
Derek and I are still seeing each other today, and our experiences grow more intense each time we are together. — *Name and address withheld*

Coffee for three

Once a week Deanie comes to my house for morning coffee. We talk about the week's happenings, usually involving the guys we meet and sex — our two favorite subjects. As we sit at the kitchen table sipping our brew, Deanie's nipples start to get very hard with excitement. She never wears a bra and loves to flaunt her luscious tits. She knows I get hot watching her titties as she moves forward and back. She leans over the table so I can see down her shirt. I lick my lips thinking about those erect nipples and firm tits that I would love to suck.

She uncrosses her legs, sliding her hand down to her crotch, slowly rubbing those tight jeans she always wears. This makes me excited and I caress my tits. I take her by the hand and lead her into my living room, turning on some good rock music.

We sit side by side on the love seat, enjoying long deep kisses. I can't wait anymore. I lift up her T-shirt to just below her tits. I lick her tummy, then lift her shirt some more. There they are — two of the most beautiful breasts imaginable. Firm and very sensual. I can see Deanie's face and her moans get very hot. I play with her tits and my tongue finds her hot



"You're snoring again, Howard. Mind if I sit on your face?"

"You've got 20 seconds to get her working, Doc, or it's your arse . . ."

They wish their figures were as healthy as ours.

BUSINESS REVIEW WEEKLY
77,517

TIME
107,000

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
40,886

THE BULLETIN
110,000

WHEELS
62,500

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
128,137 *

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*Source: ABC Audit, April 1, 1988 – September 30, 1988

Jacka 1659 A

mouth. I give her a deep probe then move down to those luscious tits. Her hand slides under my robe and finds my large tits. She caresses them and kisses my neck.

While I nibble on one nipple I slide my hand across her thigh. I feel the heat under those tight jeans. I unzip her pants and slide my hand in. To my surprise, Deanie isn't wearing any panties. She is so hot — the sensation sends chills up my spine. I massage her clit and can feel her hips move from side to side.

Deanie unties my robe and helps me slip out of my panties. As she nibbles on my tits, I bury two fingers deep inside her hot juicy pussy. Her hips start rocking even more than before. Just as she is slipping out of her jeans, I catch a glimpse of my boyfriend Paul peeking in from the kitchen. He let himself in with a key that I gave him — I previously told him that Deanie and I like an audience.

When Deanie realises that Paul is watching, she moans even louder. We decide to put on one hell of a show. I slide my tongue down to her navel, then farther down until I reach her muff. While I tease her clit I see Paul standing in the doorway — his pants unzipped and stroking his thick meat. By the look on his face, he's in the mood, too.

Deanie motions for Paul to join us. We slide his jeans off and Deanie mouths his hot probe, slowly taking it deeper and deeper. Paul moans and I lick his balls. We both give him a good mouth job — Deanie on the right and me on the left. The more we lick, the more swollen he gets.

I tell Paul to slip his hot rod into my wet pussy. He turns me around so he can enter from behind. His hot meat is so good — and Deanie is nibbling on my erect nipples. I get so hot from all this pleasure that I come. Paul says he wants the both of us, so Deanie gets under me — pussy to pussy — and Paul enters her giving her some good strokes, then enters me again, and I know that we are all close to exploding. I tell him this and he lets go — deep within me — while Deanie fingers herself during her shaking orgasm. We sleep.

About an hour later, we decide to shower together. The hot steam fills the bathroom quickly, and Deanie and I soap Paul. His rod soon grows again, and after rinsing him, I tease it with my tongue and teeth. Paul and Deanie are kissing and touching, and Deanie, beautiful Deanie, moans as I slide two fingers into her cunt. We're all getting a full workout at this point.

After the shower we head for the bedroom. Deanie lies on her back, and I spread open her pussy lips and give her my tongue. As I slide a couple of fingers into her hot cavern, Paul lies next to us, stroking his member with lust in his eyes. Deanie and I trade places, and as she mouths my swollen clit, I thrust my hips toward her mouth and moan. As I come, I start to scream in sheer ecstasy. — *Name and address withheld*

Maui wowie

I am proud to say that I am in the navy. I recently chose the Hawaiian Islands as the place to take some long-awaited leave. Being single and having been complimented as being more than attractive, I set out for some promising conquests. True to form, I did quite well, especially on a beach in Maui.

It all began in a nightspot near the beach. This place was saturated with heavenly tanned bodies just begging for attention. Stepping up to the bar, I ordered an island beer with lime. A sexy little tease next to me commented, "Can I squeeze it for you?" Not missing a beat, I replied, "Squeeze whatever you please, lovely wahine." She pinched the lime and poked it into the beer. She then plugged the bottle, inverted it, and let the fruit float to the top. Seductively she stated, "My name is Lorraine and I love to mingle the juices." Minutes later we were on the dance floor grinding our crotches to some heavy rock beat — myself, intent on getting our juices together, and Lorraine, obviously aware of my future plans.

The mention of a perfect night for a walk on the beach soon had us arm in arm beneath the moon, accompanied by the sound of the crashing surf. A few potent Mai Tais from the beach bar had us laughing, and we were very much aroused by each other's company. I turned to her in mid-sentence, looked into her eyes, and placed my hands around her beautiful face. She lifted her lips for a kiss and I obliged. It was the sweetest kiss that I ever remember. After that, things got a bit hot. Lorraine explored my body with her hot hands as I rubbed her breasts and pinched her nipples through the light T-shirt. We were both in heaven.

Our mouths locked in passionate embrace, I gently eased her on to the sand, and before I knew it, our clothes were no longer on. Lorraine moaned with desire as I touched her warm wet pussy — her hips thrust up to me in wanton desire. While I explored her pussy and fingered her clit, she gently massaged my hard-on — her ministrations getting harder and faster as her ecstasy climbed higher and higher.

My teeth clenched on to one of her cherry-bud nipples and I sensed her excitement. Lorraine pleaded for me to fuck her, and the directness of her voice really turned me on. I slid my turgid cannon inside my petite treasure inch by inch. Lorraine's vice-like grip took me to the hilt, and she began to buck wildly. As we

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FORUM

were pumping back and forth, I felt the greatest sensations that a man could feel — the obvious lust and pleasure of a beautiful woman cooing beneath him.

Lorraine's back arched in a shuddering orgasm as she grabbed my arse, panting, "You're so hard! Please don't stop!" I rammed her through several more climaxes, yet I felt that I could go on forever. I wanted to give this beautiful lady more, so I went down to taste her succulent cunt while Lorraine positioned herself with seductive agility for a fabulous sixty-nine. She was quick to swallow my throbbing hard-on.

Obviously impressed by my stamina, she was determined to make me come. After another orgasm, she mounted me and whispered how good my cock felt inside her. I watched in total relaxation as my dick, glistening in the moonlight, disappeared within her. We'd been at it for nearly two hours, and it wasn't until then that I had one of the best surges to ever ejaculate from my balls. I came like a tidal wave, flooding Lorraine's narrow crevice with spurt after spurt. We lay there exhausted, a tingling heap by the Pacific, watching a beautiful sunrise in paradise. It was a memorable experience — a beautiful one that I will never forget for the rest of my life. — *Name and address withheld*

Two for one

I had spent a sensational evening with Asia, whom I met the night before through her friend Bea. We spent hours fucking and sucking each other to exhaustion, the last act being my licking Asia to her final orgasm of the night, just after she sucked the last drops of come from my satisfied prick.

The next morning Bea was not surprised to find Asia in my motel room. At her friend's prodding, Asia said that she had enjoyed the best fucking of her life the night before. That was flattering, of course, but only led me to believe that she had never made love to a man who met her needs sufficiently. I say that a woman is more beautiful to me when she is having an orgasm. I try to see that it occurs as many times as possible during lovemaking.

Asia rose to peruse the bathroom and check her looks in the vanity mirror while Bea made some coffee in the in-room machine. Asia seemed to have no problem being naked in front of me with Bea there, and since I had now screwed both of them, I relaxed in my nakedness as well. As Asia bent over the vanity to look in the mirror, she said, "I assume it's safe to do this now, right?" She was referring to last night, when I sneaked up behind

Continued on page 122

Sins

ANGER

THE THINKING WOMAN'S NIGHTMARE

Suffering the sensitive new man

The so-called sensitive man should be shot. He's a contradiction in terms. Obviously most women detest mass murderers, war criminals and fascist dictators, but there's no need for men to swing so violently to the other extreme.

Does the neo-man really think women lie in their beds at night fantasising about an aware sort of chap who cries on cue and admits his deepest anxieties? Does he imagine they enjoy listening to him crap on about how shattered he was when so and so dumped him? Hardly. It's a mystery to women how this self-indulgent drivel should pass for sensitivity. The differences between the sexes are actually quite sexy and no female requires a pseudo woman cluttering up her life.

He is dull, predictable and suspect. So is an evening out with him. First he'll start rambling and drooling about the evils of sexism; he, of course, has never been guilty of such a crime. His eyes glaze over as he speaks — probably with the sheer struggle of maintaining such a front — so his expression is similar to that of a woman forced to listen to a lecture on advanced cricket strategy.

After a few drinks he gets excitable and moves on to the subject of how disgusting other men are. The neo-man loves drawing the woman out to talk about Bastards She Has Known so that he can shake his head in awed disbelief at the vileness of his fellow men.

Somehow he twists the topic around to what a caring lay he is and how none of his woman friends had ever in their entire lives found sensual fulfilment before they met him. This point made (and he'll get back to it later), he moves on to his favorite subject — himself, his emotions, his hopes, how hurt he's been and how misunderstood he always is.

Although the man normally faints at the sight of blood, he likes to show an eerie empathy with the woman's period pains. Secretly feeling that contraception should be entirely her responsibility, he nevertheless manages to appear *au fait* with the latest developments and also swots up on Dalkon Shield horror stories.

As an arch hypocrite he'll cast cutesie-pie "come hither" glances at every female within range, yet sulk for ages if his woman smiles back at a cheeky construction site worker. He can whack a woman clear across the bedroom in a tantrum and still contrive to have her sitting up all night nursing his bruised psyche.

He always makes a better feminist than the woman herself and is given to snide remarks: for instance, that she has "no understanding of the abortion issue." With the guests present he'll make a big yahoo show of clearing the table and stacking the dishes — a feat he can only accomplish with an audience to applaud. This charade is always accompanied with a smug "Aren't I Liberated" smirk. His woman gets to partake of the Joy of Equality through traditional masculine tasks — he lets her mow the lawn, wash the car, lug garbage round the place and bury dead pets.

In the sack the sensitive man — who is capable of quoting reams of Shere Hite statistics at the dinner table — is unbearably smug and an utter bore. Women fake orgasm with this man more than with any other as he becomes annoyingly concerned if she doesn't respond to his textbook technique. He spends what seems like a decade performing cunnilingus, all the while gazing upwards to check that she appreciates what a compassionate and caring lover he is.

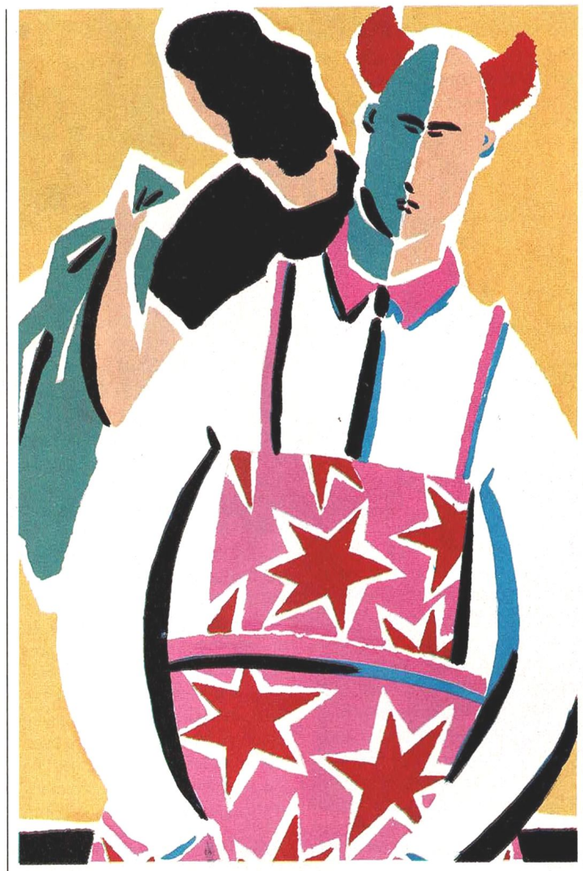

Illustration by Donna Cross

As a devout worshipper at the shrine of Communication, he likes to (in New Age jargon) "clear" everything. This basically means he awards the woman points depending upon how liberated and aware she has been that day.

"I'd like to clear with you," he might say, "how inadequate and confused I felt when you set fire to the curtains at Donald's party. Do you hear what I'm saying?" Every nuance of behavior needs to be commented upon in case something should be accidentally repressed and add zillions to his shrink's bill in later years.

The neo-man believes a couple need to give one another "space." This means he is often able to convert the spare room into a "den" or disappear for days on end to "find himself." The woman will find it slightly harder to find "space" as he's so sensitive he always needs to know what she's thinking, where she's going, who with and for how long.

Stingy and whingy with tradespeople and those he deems to be intellectual inferiors, he apparently has loads of time for the oppressed of the world, as in, "I have a lot of time for those suffering under Pinochet." He also takes "firm stands" on issues, which is no doubt a great comfort to the poor of Chile.

It isn't even as if it's what women want anymore. If you don't believe me, go out and buy a women's romance novel. In Mills And Boon can a man discover the truth. This is where you find women's fantasy lovers.

Sins

Granite jawed, steely-eyed, sardonic masculine beasts stalk every page. They do become a little croaky or misty eyed (if the heroine almost dies) but if they feel at all sensitive about anything else they zip out and shoot a few elephants or blow up a quarry.

Women, most women, *do* want someone they can talk with, and there's never been anything amiss about a bloke who knows his way around a stove, but the essence of masculinity shouldn't be diluted too much.

Perhaps men should remember the advice of their parents, which was probably something along the lines of: "Just be yourself, dear." — *Jean Norman*

LUST

THE GAME IS STILL THE SAME

Today's "new singles" are playing an old, old record

I can recall a time — and it seems a long time ago — when it was *de rigeur* to roll up to a party, engage some child of the universe in conversation about music, whales, LSD, marijuana law reform or Nostradamus for a maximum of three minutes, then gaze soulfully into her eyes before asking, in a serious and sincere tone, "Would you like to fuck?"

Well, maybe it was never exactly *de rigeur*, but I used to know a lot of blokes who did it. Actually, I guess I did it more often than they did, but usually only when I was pissed. Come to think of it, I don't know that I had all that much luck with it either . . . but the point is that I'm still here, with no major distinguishing scars on my face, so I must have gotten away with it. Sort of.

Students of etiquette will have observed that this particular line is not recommended in any of the contemporary literature on the art of courtship. I guess it would now be regarded as the social equivalent of the unlimited tackle rule: bucolic, unrefined, brutish. The game is not the same, or so we've been told by those who pronounced the Sexual Revolution a fizzer many years ago and heralded the return of marriage and monogamy. The turn-around happened long before the threat of being knocked over by a bowling ball, and the social commentators told us the main reason was that women came to realise they were the real victims of their own "liberation" — if they refused to explore the outer edges of the sexual envelope they were labelled prudes, and if they did, they were used, abused and fucked over by a succession of arseholes masquerading as sexually liberated males. Some insisted on the right to be loved; others took their ball and went home. Either way, there was no such thing as a free lunch anymore.

That's what they told us, but I'm not buying the idea that there really has been a return to "traditional" values. Consider this: 42 percent of Australian men and women between the ages of 20 and 34 have never married. That figure has shot up from 26 percent in the last 15 years — the era of the supposed new morality. These "New Singles", as Susan Owens labelled them in a recent *Sydney Morning Herald* article, are addicted to "being in love"; they get their kicks from champagne, indulgent weekends and the thrill of the new, but as soon as a few warts start to appear on the silky smooth landscape of their "relationship", they're off faster than a startled rabbit — but immediately in pursuit of another fix. Ms Owens laments the development of this "Don Juan complex" among both men and women, and quotes clinical psychologist Val Newton-John: "In the end, there is a decreasing sense of fulfilment . . . We all need a primary relationship, and people who profess to enjoy being single are not necessarily being truthful."

Well, it seems to me that the message is pretty clear: the Sexual Revolution didn't die at all. We've just smoothed off a few of the rough edges on that hoary old monster, refined and repackaged it for the more sophisticated consumer. After taking a brief sexual history, as recommended on TV, we still get to hump, bump and grind away at a succession of new and different bodies, but we can feel a whole lot better about it in the morning. "Wasn't that a great weekend up at Noosa? Didn't you love that moonlit walk on the beach?" (Actually I'm getting a bit sick of you — it's been two months now — but I might just spin you out till my holidays at the end of July and maybe if I give it that long I'll finally convince you to let me wear the Batman outfit and use the double-ended dildo . . .)

Ah, what jaded times these are. But really, how could it have been any different? How could a gener-

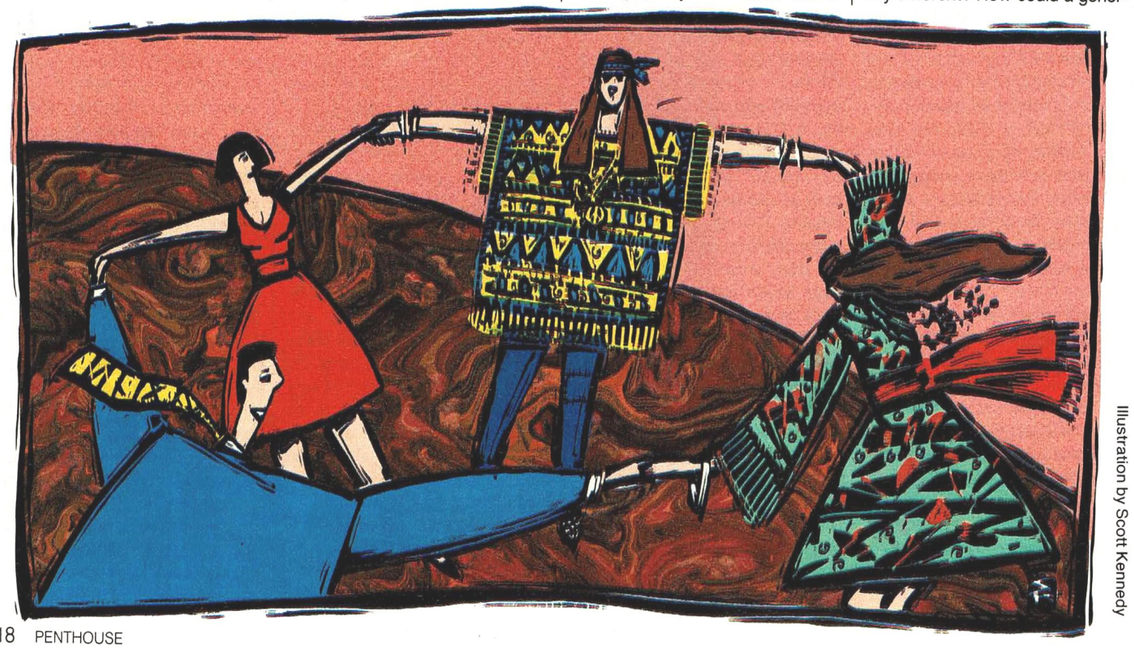

Illustration by Scott Kennedy

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ation weaned on rock 'n' roll, drugs and sexual excess ever be expected to knuckle down to a moral regime which, in these monumentally self-indulgent times, seems about as relevant as the *Koran*? You can swap the surfboard for the sailboard, the panel van for the BMW, the blue jeans for the business suit, the marijuana for the champagne and coke, and you can wrap the hard-edged lust of boisterous youth in the respectable cloak of romantic love, but you can't take away the desperation that locks us all — a generation of spoiled brats, the first in all our history who never had to cope with real hardship — into a madcap dance to the death. The game remains the same. — *Peter McDonald*

AVARICE

SOMETHING FROM NOTHING

An ABC of corporate cannibalism

We are beginning to suffer the consequences of the takeover mania that has transformed both the Australian and US business scene. Huge foreign debts mean both nations are constantly at the rest of the world, cap in hand, and having to pay ever higher rates of interest to attract those with the money to invest in our decaying *pissant* economies.

This puts pressure on local interest rates . . . which is one reason why our home mortgage rates are so high. But worse is to come. High interest rates discourage businessmen borrowing money to invest in the business. So industry trundles along, unable to compete with even Taiwan or Thailand because our businessmen can't afford the latest fancy equipment.

Oh, we'll get out of it somehow — through God having given us an abundance of natural resources, not through any action of the government.

In the meantime, you can thank the Alan Bonds and Robert Holmes a Courts — although you really cannot blame them, for all they did was follow the basic free market strategy of seeing an opportunity and going for it.

The opportunity they grasped was the way much of industry was set up for the long term, whereas more profit could be made by realigning industry to the short term.

Say your Aunt Beryl leaves you her two bedroom beachside flat. You know you could sell it now for $150,000, cash money, which will pay off your own mortgage and leave you $50,000 for some fancy furniture and a new car. You also know that if you keep the flat but rent it out, you'll get some money from rent — but nowhere near $150,000 — and, 10 or 20 years down the track, you'll get a lot more than $150,000 when you sell it, even after discounting for inflation.

Unless you're really desperate for the money now, the wiser course is to hang on to it.

That was largely the position of both US and Australian industry as we entered the Eighties. Mines and factories were chugging away, some making good profits, others less so, but all confident that over the long haul the returns would be in the black.

The Seventies, you may recall, were difficult years. Oil prices skyrocketed and so did inflation and unemployment. A lot of businesses went broke and a lot more were struggling to stay afloat. A lot of people were desperate and were prepared to sell their assets for a quick quid. And there were plenty of canny people out there jostling one another to buy those assets, also looking for a quick quid.

However, a lot of these canny buyers lacked one hitherto essential ingredient to seal the deal: the doh-ray-me.

But no worries, they said, as they trotted down to the bank. The banks were — and still are, despite their past mistakes — awash with cash. In those days they still had a lot of the money screwed out of industry by the Arabs.

In the early Seventies you could have bought a house for $30,000 that was worth $150,000 in 1980. In 1980 you could have borrowed $100,000 against that house, used the $100,000 as equity in a small takeover deal and borrowed another $900,000 from another bank.

Businesses are usually priced on their earnings; the price of a small business is usually a multiple of expected earnings of four or five, often less. This multiple is, in fact, the number of years it takes to get the purchase price back if you devote every penny of earnings to that task. It appears in the share list columns of the daily newspapers as the P/E ratio (price to earnings ratio).

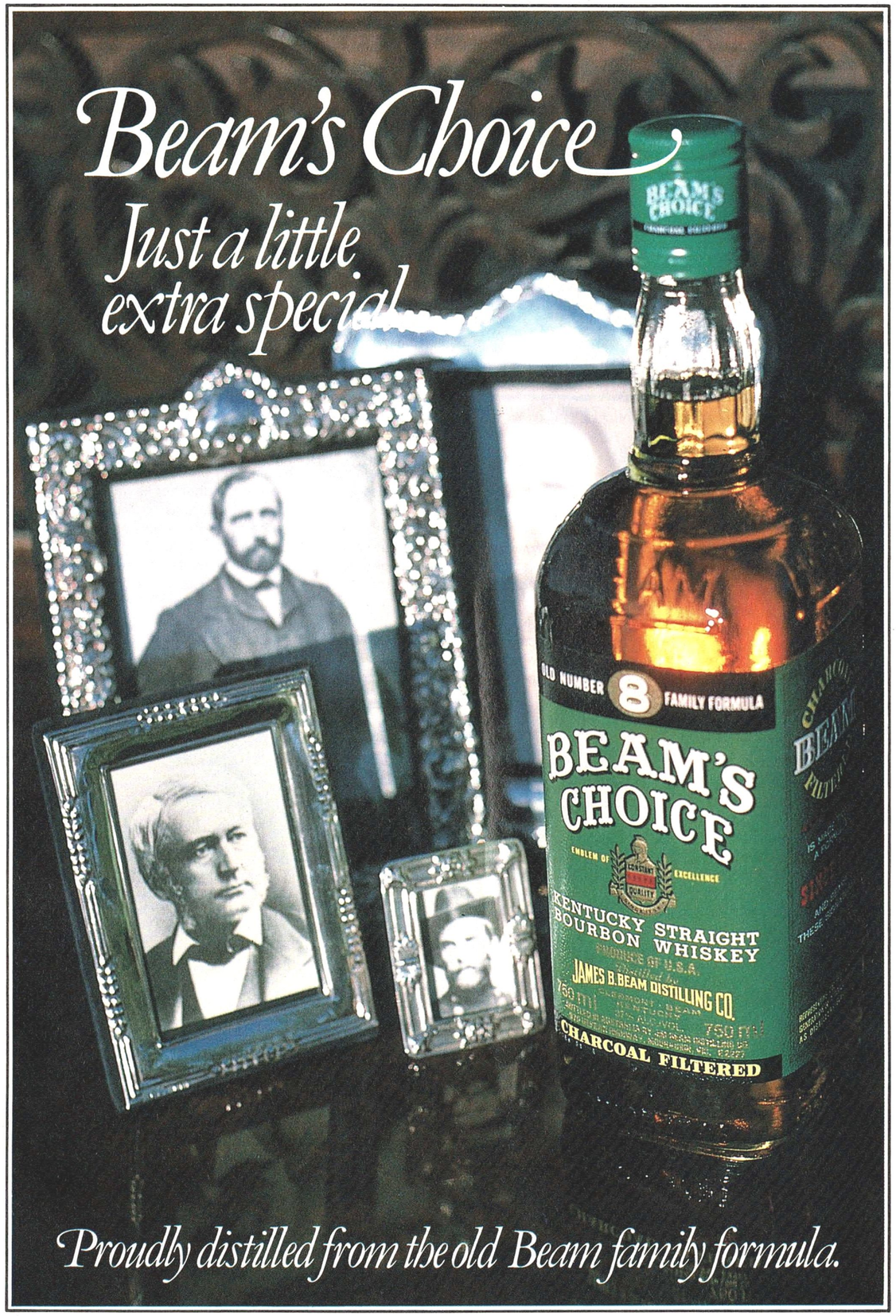
Account is also taken of assets, although often the assets are in the books at low valuations, thanks to depreciation and the conventions of accounting.

Also, it is common for businesses to have a variety of interests, some of which make more money than others.

Okay. Now along comes the takeover merchant, his house remortgaged and a million dollars in his kick. He buys a business earning $250,000 a year (ie, a p/e of 4). That is earnings after costs are taken away from revenue and before tax.

The takeover merchant then sets about ripping the company to pieces. Any decent bits of land

Illustration by Kerrie Leishman



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Sins

can be sold, for cash, and the business either closed down, moved to cheaper accommodation or the land leased back. The lease-back may increase costs but it frees cash and the lease payments are tax deductible anyway.

Then those bits of business that aren't doing as well as other bits are sold off, further reducing costs but reducing profits to a lesser extent.

Other little bits and pieces are also undertaken that the asset-strippers call "shaking up tired management." That is, they sack the old company retainers and some of the not very efficient managers; they threaten massive closedowns so that the workers agree to work harder, and get rid of some less essential staff as long as they keep their own jobs; and maybe a bit of new, labor-saving technology is brought in — brought in, not bought: it's all on lease, right?

The asset sales will provide cash to pay off some if not all of the debt incurred to buy the business. The quality of earnings will be better although they will, as an amount, usually be less. Sometimes the predators will be satisfied with this; often the asset sales can pay off the whole debt leaving a tidy little business generating pure profit.

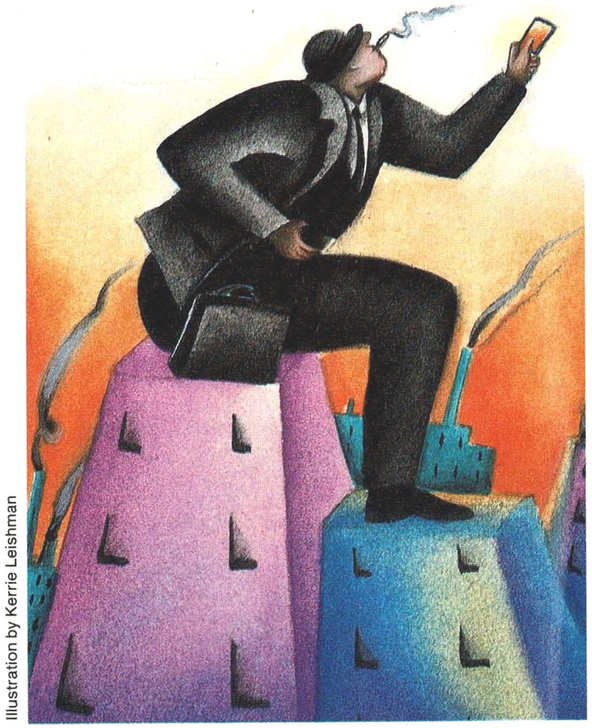


Illustration by Kerrie Leishman

But too often the takeover merchant goes on to the next step. Having cleared much of the debt he shows the result to his bank manager. "Look, $200,000 gross a year — or $100,000 after tax. Lend me $2 million at 10 percent and I'll buy another wealth-producing business, strip it out, pay no tax and get even richer."

And on it goes: ownership being replaced by debt, either through debt to buy the business or by selling assets and leasing them back. The modern businessman is not a manufacturer of anything but debt. He is simply a manager on behalf of the bank, even though he may be called the other.

Of course, being eager for quick returns — indeed, the whole strategy depends on them — such businessmen have no time for those projects that take time to mature or for those products on which the rate of return is less than the interest rate paid on the money used to produce those goods. And what goods are produced are trimmed back to essentials to be as cheap as possible. Pacific Dunlop stops making half sizes in their shoe range; John Elliott removes the whole apricot from IXL apricot conserve.

So we, the ordinary people, get less.

Meanwhile, the ex-owners, flush with cash after selling out, can afford a new BMW and French champagne. So our imports go up while our exports go down. The trade balance goes into deficit, compounded by the foreign loans used to fund the takeover.

In the US it's worse. At the start of the decade it was the world's biggest creditor; now it is the world's biggest debtor — and there seems to be no great effort to change that. Somebody called KKR, with not much money, has recently bought RJR-Nabisco, maker of Camel cigarettes and Planters pretzels, for $29 billion.

Lend us a tenner will you, mate? I want to buy BHP. — *David Quicksilver*

VANITY

STYLE BREAKETH THE MAN

Do you make the dress code black list?

Have you ever thought that there could be something about you, apart from your obnoxious behavior, that makes women recoil in revulsion?

There quite probably is. Suspend your paranoia for a second and remember that people *do* judge a book by its cover — at least when they first pick it up, and *always* when it attempts to pick them up.

Certain looks or styles of dressing render a man undesirable to say the very least. Women have been known to flee to the ladies' loo and collapse in convulsions of giggles at the sight of a chap sporting a safari suit or a polo neck jumper.

Stop sabotaging your image. Here are some items long overdue to come out of the closet and into the trash.

• *Gold chains.* An open-necked shirt wanked, sorry, yanked open to reveal chest foliage with a tawdry collection of jewellery is no longer an awesome sight. God alone knows when it began, though historians claim Burt-No Brain-Reynolds used to have zodiac medallions nestling in his undergrowth during the early Seventies. Not only is it contrived and tacky — people will mistake you for an upwardly aspiring pimp or a coke dealer.

• *Trousers worn with the waistband snugly around the middle of the backside.* Women often wonder whether the man is misguidedly trying to mimic the feminine display of cleavage or if he's had trouble dressing himself since Mum stopped helping out. Cleavage envy?

• *Le Croc shirts.* Aka Lacoste leisure wear. Since the Taiwanese started churning these things out in huge quantities they've lost the snob value. It's impossible to tell the real ones from the fake, and who cares? Men who wear them tend to pluck nervously at the poor little crocodile as they ramble on about their car, their stereo, their ex-wife and what they'd like to do with the waitress if they had the chance.

• *Crimplene safari suits.* Don't roll your eyes. Many men still wear them and it simply isn't funny . . . unless we're on to our third Tequila Slammer and some poor creature attired in one attempts a pick-up. A lot of incompetent bureaucrats seem to favor this look.

• *Ugh Boots.* These are suitable for when you're popping out to poach a few possums for dinner or to keep your feet warm during a cold afternoon watching the football on television. Stop trying to get into nightclubs wearing them.

Sins

• *Intensely tight trousers or jeans.* It may surprise you but most women are well aware that men have That and Those, so there's no need to accentuate this biological fact by moulding it in denim or (worse) something synthetic. If you must emulate Mick Jagger, at least play in a band; musoes at least have a chance of getting away with this look.

• *Thin leather ties.* A fad from 1983. Useful only in bondage or to tie weak plants to the trellis.

• *T-shirts with revolting slogans* on them like "To All You Virgins, Thanks For Nothing" . . . or "I Got This Way Drinking Beer." Women don't care how you got that way so long as you don't get in their way wearing such monstrosities. The most stupid slogans are ones like "Born To Be Wild" or "Born To Ride," as they're usually worn by someone who looks as if he was born to pass out in a sleazy gutter.

• *Hawaii Five-O shirts.* Even Tom Selleck gave up these garish creations ages ago. Women (it's true) often feel a compulsive urge to chuck their drink down the front of the man who approaches them in one.

• *Jeans and a shirt worn with a tie.* Why? It's so weird. Women wonder what could have happened to produce such a combination. Is it an attempt to look, er, businesslike? Did the man forget he wasn't going to work that day and don a tie?

• *Stacks of aftershave.* It doesn't matter if it's Old Spice or Georgio Armani, there's something horrifying about a male descending in a cloud of fragrance. Many women do enjoy it when the male is seen to have "made an effort", but a teensy splash is quite enough of an effort. If he smells as if he's been hosed down with the stuff, women ask themselves (a) what foul stench he is covering up and (b) what he's trying to prove.

• *Silk shirts.* Very alarming. They're fine if they're natural silk and worn loose, but the tight silk shirts in purple or black are definitely out.

• *Suede coats.* Worn by some welfare workers and hippie refugees from the Sixties. You wouldn't, would you? Good.

• *Thongs.* These are suitable *only* for the beach where they can be used to avoid third degree burns, to avoid crushing used syringes underfoot and to peg at marauding seagulls. On the pavement, however, the continual flapping is a big no go. They also smell strange in hot weather.

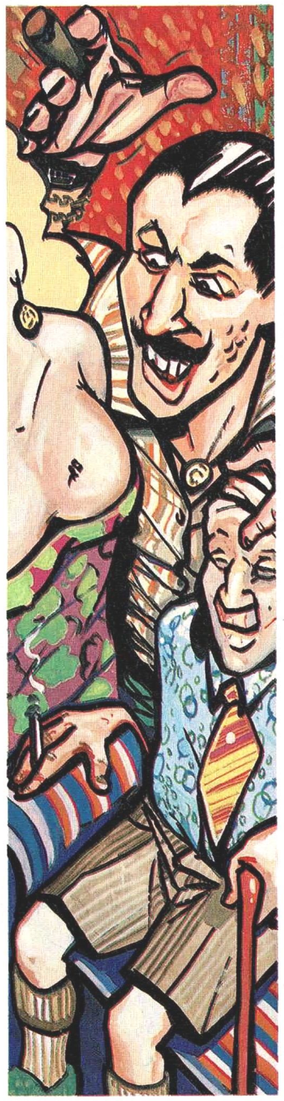


Illustration by Charles Kenway

• *Anything pastel.* Sickly pinks and pale blues are emasculating. They may look fine on the model boy smouldering his way through the photo shoot — but think about it.

• *ID bracelets* with Hoono or whatever your name is engraved on them. Any women trying to make you wear one should be ditched immediately. If you have the bad luck of carking it, the morgue should be able to tell who you are from various documents. You, at any rate, should know who you are — or do you need a constant reminder?

• *Polo neck jumpers.* Surely your neck can't be that vulnerable to the elements. Excusable only if you're a ski instructor or have an unfortunate birthmark on your throat. Women often feel like rolling the cowl up over the man's face.

• *Cut off jean shorts.* The shorts aren't the only things fraying a little around the edges. Even genuine surfie boys no longer wear this ridiculous garment.

• *Marijuana leaf earrings.* It isn't terribly subversive anymore, and nobody actually cares how you facilitate your thinking process or get through the day.

• *The Miami Vice image.* There is one person on Earth who suits this look and his name is Don Johnson. His voice is what women find sexy, not his white jackets worn over ice-cream colored T-shirts. Only a clone would so obviously imitate another's style of dress.

• *Wide, plain-colored ties.* Unless you're a dork schoolteacher.

• *Suits worn with sports shoes.* Unless you're walking to work since the Volvo got repo-ed, or for fitness reasons, women wish you wouldn't do this. If you're sporty, the body rather than the snazzy Reeboks should demonstrate this. You may as well wear your slippers around the office.

• *Platform boots/flares.* Don't even think about it. Sadly, many Australian men have and tragically they see the results as pretty stunning. *Uggghhh.*

Readers may be thinking what a pack of shallow-minded ninnies females are for feeling that clothes maketh the man. Well, obviously they're keen to delve beneath the surface veneer. Nothing could appeal to the average woman more than the chance to understand that fine mind and to learn what a dynamic chap you really are.

Ignore the foregoing. How you clothe yourself is immaterial to most women. If, say, Mel Gibson were to walk into any woman's bedroom clad in a crimplene safari suit, platform lizardskin boots, stacks of gold medallions and reeking of Brut, she'd still find herself perfectly able to relate on a deep and meaningful level with the man. — *Jean Norman*

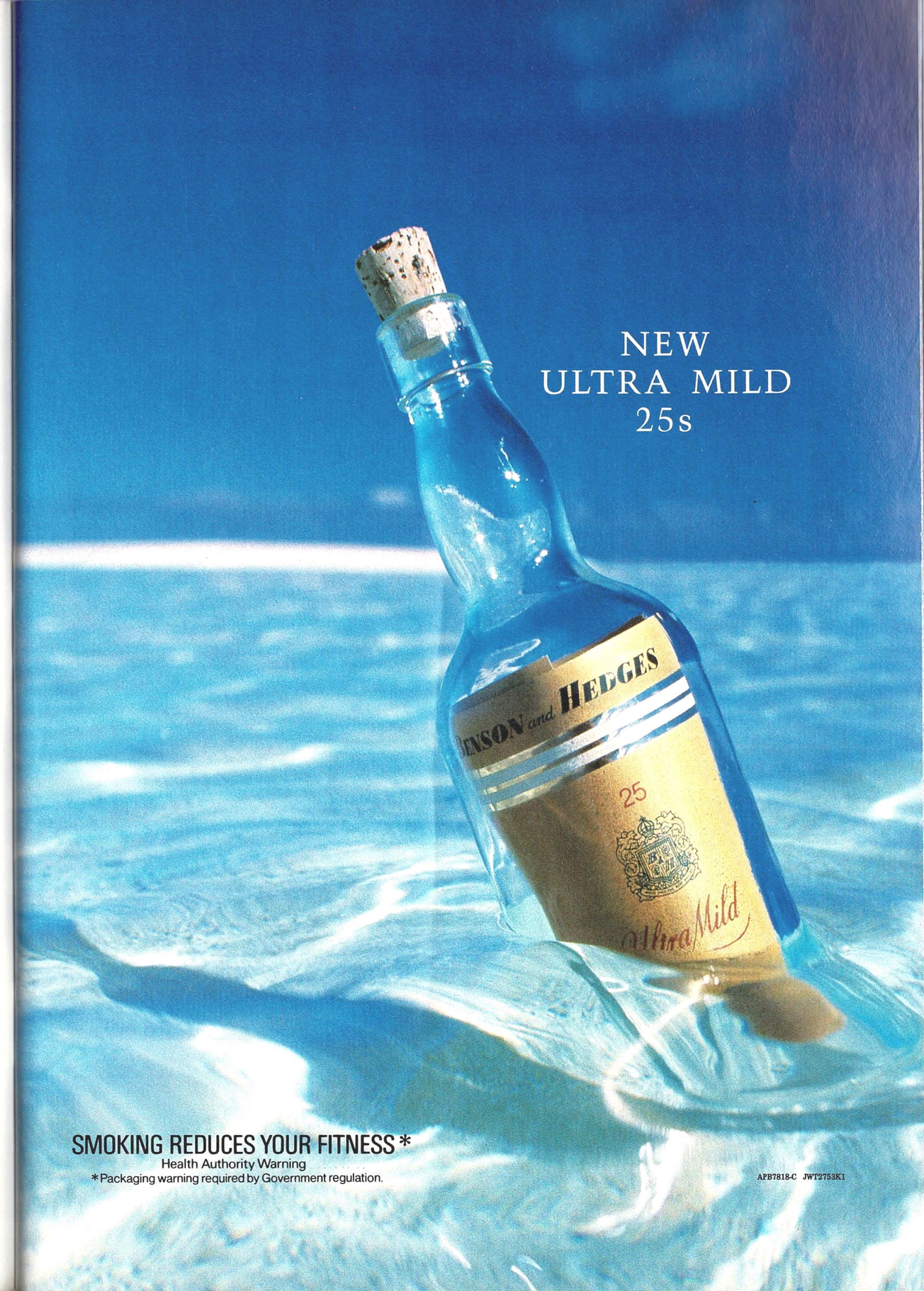
GLUTTONY

THE FLYING GOURMET

Discovering the joys of the airborne picnic

I don't care how much they've upgraded the food on airlines. I don't like it. The only affectionately remembered morsel ever to have passed my lips in mid-air was a slice of fresh lobster slathered with Beluga caviar. I was on an inaugural Lufthansa flight to Dubai and der wild und crazy Kapitan upgraded the motley gaggle of journalists I was with to First Class. As we neared the Tower with No Purpose erected by the grizzled sheik of this micro Gulf state, foie gras was also pressed upon us.

As someone who travels constantly in the course of business, my experience of airline menus is usually confined to the inedible and barely just. Chicken, beef, lamb and similar proteins are blanketed with what appears to be International Airline Sauce — brown, thick and consistent with baby's vomit. Murky looking desserts creep into my peripheral vision, inevitably topped with a glace cherry nipple. Rubber cheese tops stale crackers. The



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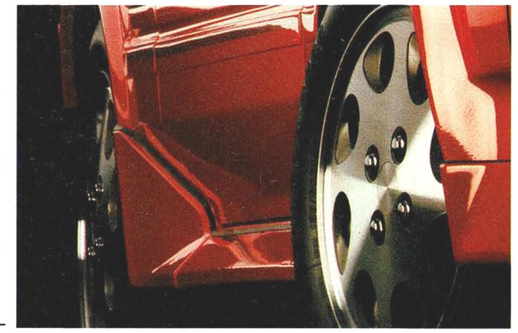

That's because the MR2 is a masterstroke of design, possessing perfect balance between weight distribution, engine placement and suspension design.

Mid-engine placement provides 45/55 front to rear weight distribution. Suspension is sports tuned MacPherson struts all round. There are disc brakes front and rear.

In the cockpit you sit just inches off the road, in a body hugging sports seat. The leather bound wheel adjusts to your driving position. The gear lever sits high, Formula 1 style, for fast changes.

All the controls are within fingertip reach in the ergonomically designed cockpit.

Nothing distracts your concentration. Behind your head sits Toyota's 1.6 litre EFI deep breathing Twin Cam Multivalve engine.

Toyota lead the world in multivalve engine technology, so you can count on that engine to extract every last possible kilowatt of energy and power.

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Of course, no engine up front means a lower nose so nothing will distract your view of the road.

If you want to get to know the real thrill of driving, don't wait: Borrow the keys from your Toyota Dealer, and take a test drive today.

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Sins

coffee is either scalding or tepid.

For several years, I simply starved my way around the world, emerging from 26-hour flights a couple of kilos lighter. To shut my fellow passengers up, I told them that fasting during a flight prevented jet lag. They believed me. I didn't.

To end my agony, I hit upon King's Law Of Compensatory Sustenance. That is, if you can't get what you want, take what you like. My first foray into plane picnicking began when I climbed aboard a flight to Norway (32 hours with three plane changes). Among other necessities were a small jar of salmon roe, crudites with pesto, Lord Curzon soup, barramundi with prawns en gelee, spiced New Zealand mussels, tomatoes stuffed with guacamole, an assortment of pates and terrines, a bottle of Lindemans 1985 Pyrus, chocolate torte, mascarpone cheese and strawberries and a wedge of New York style cheesecake.

I'll admit that I took great pains to hide these gourmet treats from my fellow passengers. I am as generous as the next person about sharing certain kinds of food: if trapped in the Andes after a crash, I'm sure I would split my last few pieces of, for the sake of example, packaged white bread or preservative-ridden salami, figuring that a calamity was always a good chance of slipping down a dress size or two. Secret One of King's Law: *Never pack any item you would want to share.*

To keep things safely under wraps, pack intercontinental picnics in, say, a slim briefcase that immediately proclaims that you are an accountant or encyclopaedia salesman. No-one will come near you. If your eyes are bigger than your briefcase, have a large shopping bag ready as a backup. But don't use anything emblazoned with slogans like "Purveyors of caviar to his Imperial Majesty, Tsar Nicholas II and the Russian Court."

Sometimes, of course, all this clandestine, cloak-and-dagger carry-on is superfluous. I once offered a guy sitting next to me a couple of slices of Tasmanian smoked salmon — a bizarre gesture brought on by the loan of his brute strength to pry the lid off some marinated artichoke hearts. He turned me down. A woman in the aisle seat across the way was eyeballing my Death By Chocolate cake, but only declined when I offered her a wedge. Offer something for nothing and you are immediately perceived as someone who gets their kicks out of injecting peaches with smack and giving the forbidden fruit to five-year-olds.

Illustration by Skye Rogers

At other times, the body in the seat beside you, ploughing his way through a main dish that looks like foam rubber left out in a hurricane, will accuse you of being a gourmet eater. Hastily deny this. Tell them that your live-in playmate is an Eastern Suburbs sophisticate who knows that daikon isn't a Japanese folk dance and can poach barramundi in some impossibly secret way that makes it taste as good as greasy chips.

Refuse to be accused of getting your take-on main course of roasted eggplant and pepper salad from a drop-dead chic restaurant in Kings Cross. Say there was a mix-up in your order of cold, leathery fried chicken from Cec's Service Station — a no-frills spot where everything comes with a grease and oil change.

Avoiding the eagle eyes of the flight staff — ever ready to point out that carrying contraband food and drink on to aircraft is illegal — is a piece of cake in economy class. Nine times out of ten they're hard put to serve you the standard fare before disappearing, if not forever, then at least for the duration of the flight. In business and first class, you have to make allies of your fellow passengers. In short, go easy on the garlic.

Once upon a flight to LA, I sat next to the straightest of Midwestern businessmen. "Just put a chicken sandwich and Tab in front of me and I'm happy," he crowed as I pulled out a few eggs the gourmet deli poetically described as "eggs stuffed with prawns and horseradish." The pistachio pate also met with bemused approval. But when I got out the Ligurian pesto sauce and started shovelling it on to some celery, he darkly whispered: "Listen, all that garlic might get you thrown off the plane." My business case quickly yielded tomatoes stuffed with saffron rice.

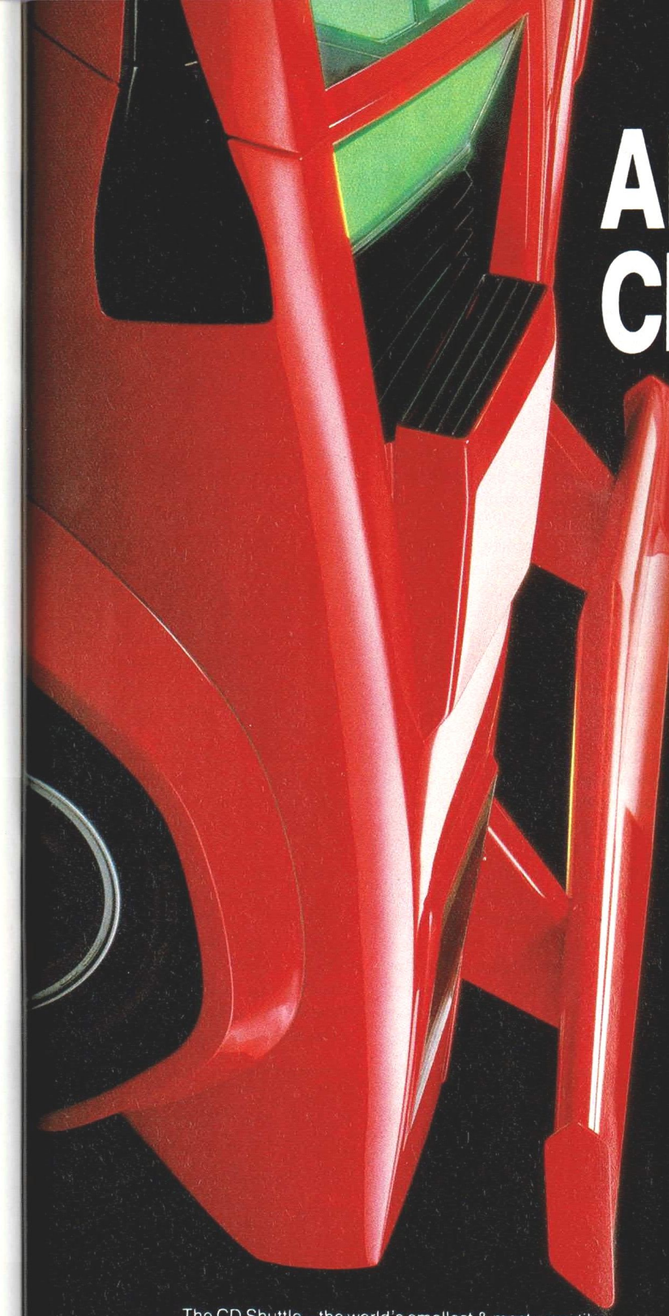
A thermos of soup will always stand you in good stead. Eschew the efforts of supermarket cans, and work up a repertoire of Yucatan potato soup or cauliflower soup with rouille. A few appetisers to keep you going over Asia could include artichoke and chestnut pate, fennel-spiced cheese triangles or anchovy and pimento canapes.

Keep main courses non-runny. There's nothing worse than opening your briefcase to discover that the sweet and sour ragout of lamb with figs has wandered into every dish. Try grape-stuffed baby chickens, cold Italian potato frittata or oysters, ham and peas in brioche.

Choose desserts designed to revive your spirits before and after the 20-hour low ebb: things like French coconut pie, champagne grapefruit mousse cake, chocolate chip cookies and biscuit aux framboises. Keep your freelance liquor on an equally high note, selecting from the best chardonnays, champagnes and cabernet sauvignons you can afford from the change left over from your airfare.

Another infallible rule of high flying meals is that whoever does the cooking and preparation shouldn't be you. Oh, you can stoop low enough to buy a few cans and jars of staples like caviar and salmon roe but if, like me, you pack in the last half hour before you leave home, you can forget all about the kitchen.

Make David Jones Food Hall, your local deli or even a local caterer your second best friend. Get them to send the tucker in anonymous bags to the airport for immediate transfer to your briefcase.



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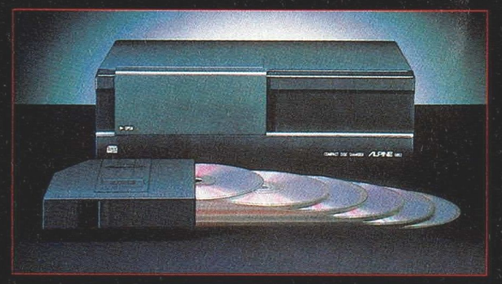

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Sins

And remember to instruct them to wrap any bottles in tissue paper.

The only problem with eating well on flights is that on the descent to your destination, you invariably end up feeling as stuffed as the devilled eggs you packed for the journey. The only other people who will feel worse than you are your sour-looking fellow passengers, fresh from the memories of enlisted men's mess-hall rations they have suffered at the hands of the airline. If you feel a bit guilty about that, always save the last piece of Black Forest Cherry cake to calm your nerves. — *Elisabeth King*

SLOTH

MOTORING'S MECCA

The finest car museum in the world

Large queues start to form around 9am, earlier if the temporary exhibitions are particularly good. The voices in the waiting crowd are German, Italian, American, English, French and beyond. The place is the Musee National de l'Automobile in Mulhouse, Alsace, the easternmost province of France — rightly billed as The World's Most Marvellous Car Museum. Three million visitors have crowded through the turnstiles since the museum opened in 1982, housing the finest car collection on Earth.

Inside the brilliantly converted spinning mill premises, 500 cars are lined up in wide boulevards lit by 900 gas lamps, copies of those on the Alexandre III Bridge in Paris. Twenty thousand square metres of state of the art auto engineering, from an 1878 steam-driven Jacquot to a Formula 1 Ferrari, command the visitor's awe and respect. One hundred and two marques are represented but the true pilgrims come for the 112 Bugattis — the largest Bugatti collection in the world. Perversely, perhaps ominously, there are no American cars.

The collection was the passion of the mysterious and charismatic Schlumpf brothers, Swiss textile industrialists who lived and ran their business in Alsace. Dangerously keen vintage car enthusiasts, they amassed this prime cut of the most beautiful and interesting cars in the world in the space of ten years. Nobody knew what they were doing; staff were sworn to secrecy.

In 1976, the Schlumpf brothers — not surprisingly, given their expensive hobby — went bankrupt. When the receivers stepped in, the collection was declared an historic monument by the Alsace Regional Council. Seven partners bought the collection for the garage sale price of 44 million francs in 1981.

It's impossible to give a full rundown of the museum's contents; let's pick the eyes out.

The front of the oldest car in the collection, the Tonneau Jacquot, looks like a compromise between a train and a coach. The missing link between the horsedrawn and the horseless carriage, it is a work of art that shows the dying skills of the coach-builders of the time.

The smallest Bugatti in the collection is a miniature type 52 which belonged to King Hassan of Morocco as a boy. The grandest Bugatti, a Coupe Napoleon Royale, is considered the most prestigious collector's item in the world.

Known as the king of cars and the car of kings, only six Royales were ever built. The Schlumpf brothers wanted to acquire all six, but found the task an impossible dream. In frustration, they commissioned 40 of their workers to make a fake. Looking at the revolving Royale, you can understand the Schlumpf's desire — this car isn't engineering, it's naked lust.

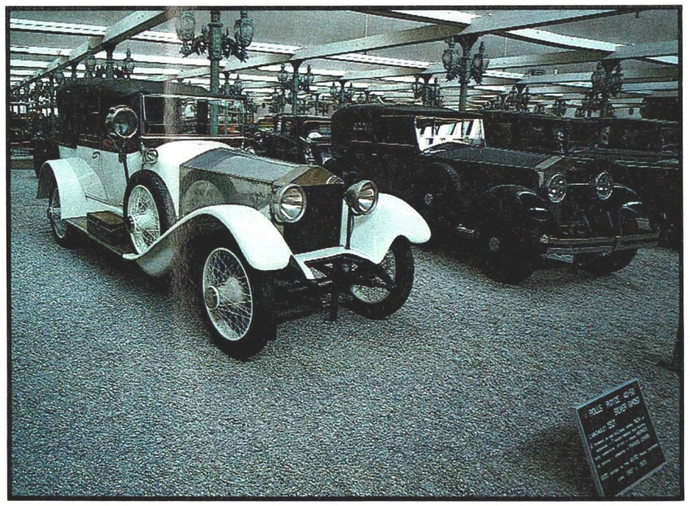
Aerodynamics in car bodywork were developed by Ferdinand Porsche, who designed a prototype 170 for Mercedes. His influence is obviously present in the Mercedes W125GP 1937, an eight-cylinder speed wagon know as The Silver Arrow which swept to victory in 11 of the Grands Prix in the year of its manufacture. The Mercedes SSK720 1928 achieved the then preposterous speed of 235 km/h.

Hearts were broken when the Mercedes 540K Cabriolet went out of production. Only 400 were built from 1936 to 1939. Suave-looking in the extreme, it had car enthusiasts in the US and Switzerland trying to relive their love by building exact replicas. Officials of the Third Reich were squired around in the sinisterly monstrous Mercedes Benz 770 1938, a half-armored car weighing 3½ tonnes that used 60 litres of petrol to drive 100 kilometres.

The Rolls-Royce exhibit debuts with a 1910 Silver Ghost, the first model of the famous series. In production for 18 years, the cars used real silver on the bonnet. The Phantom I was derived from the chassis of the Silver Ghost, to be replaced in its turn by the Phantom II. Also on display is a Phantom III that once belonged to Charlie Chaplin.

History keeps throwing back at every turn. The 1936 forerunner of the VW Beetle, designed by Ferdinand Porsche, looks uncannily modern in a prestige lineup. The Renault Type AG1 Taxi 1908, known as the Taxi a la Marne, appears as fittingly patriotic as its legend as officers' troop transport to the Western Front after the sudden German offensive. A favorite with visiting adolescents is the Hispano-Suiza J 12, easily one of the slickest chassis built in the Twenties. The Maserati 250F 1957 racing car looks as if it stepped off the assembly line yesterday, appearing far too modern to have swept Juan Fangio to his fifth world racing title.

(The Musee National de l'Automobile, 192, Avenue de Colmar, Mulhouse, France. British Airways offers a free flight to Paris or Basel with a return London ticket. Mulhouse is only 20 minutes' drive from Basel; four hours by train from Paris.) — *Elisabeth King*



The 1921 Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost — one of 500 priceless motors on display in the Musee National de l'Automobile in France.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

ARTHUR ABRAHAMS

HOME: Melbourne.

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Chief Executive of NRC International, entrepreneur and businessman.

HOBBY: Motor racing. "My engineer says I'm really what's driven. I guess he's right."

LAST BOOK READ: When The Sleeper Wakes, H. G. Wells.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Setting up Distronics, Australia's first compact disc plant. "Small may be beautiful, but it's not easy."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "There's no map to follow – everything is a first. I make my own map so that work becomes an adventure."

QUOTE: "The only time I don't dream is when I'm driving. It would make life in the fast lane a little too interesting."

PROFILE: Dynamic and effervescent with a sound business background. Has mastered the art of turning fun into dollars.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's "It's the perfect finish."

Dewar's
Finest Scotch Whisky
White Label
John Dewar & Sons Ltd

APB9083-A

Leo Burnett UTDG 1009

This is all the space
a good operator needs
for forty Australians.

Imagine this area is the inside of an ordinary suitcase.

Think of yourself as a small native Australian animal, who has been drugged and bound and crammed into this suitcase with thirty-nine of your fellow countrymen.

It will be dark. There will be no ventilation, no room to move or breathe. This is what it feels like to be exported overseas illegally.

If you survive, you will be sold for profit. Unfortunately, nine out of ten of you will die. From suffocation, from loss of blood, or by drowning in your own vomit or urine.

Taking native animals out of Australia is not just wrong, it's cruel.

Help stop this deadly practice. Send your donation today.

WWF

I would like to donate $_____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia by ☐ cheque ☐ Bankcard ☐ Mastercard, ☐ Visa Card. Card No. _____

Expiry date: _____ Name _____ Address _____ Postcode _____

Signature _____ Donations over $2 are tax deductible. Post To: World Wildlife Fund Australia, G.P.O. Box 528 Sydney NSW 2001.

Your stamp will help Australia's wildlife. ☐ Please send me information on membership of WWFA.

Ogilvy MWW 0073/PentH

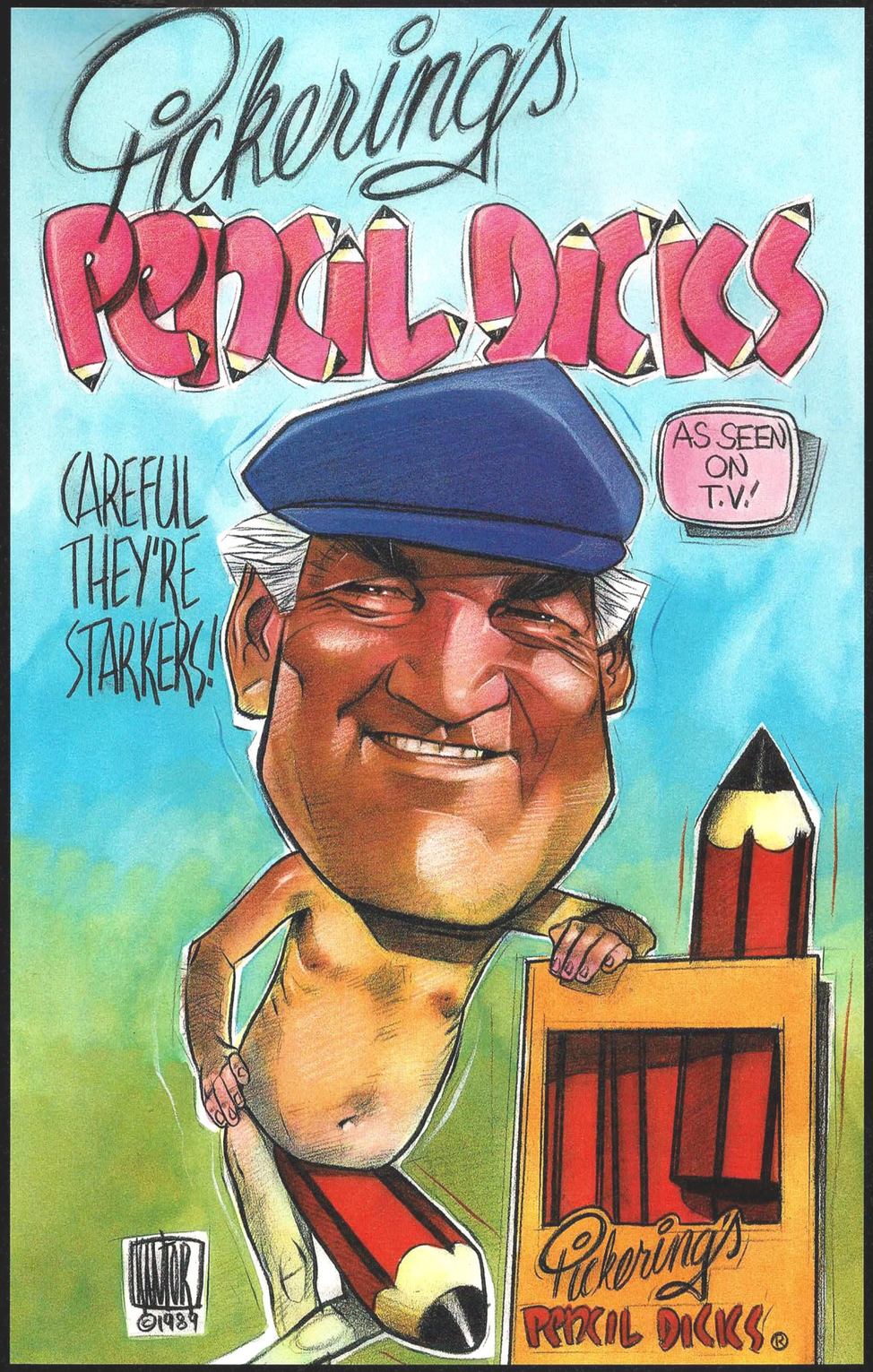
priority one

"At the moment I'm getting my priorities in order," sparkles the delectable Kylie Weaver. "I've been too chaotic for too long. Priority one is to have as much fun now as I can while I've got the chance. Posing nude was a big step. Suddenly I'm something of a celebrity!"

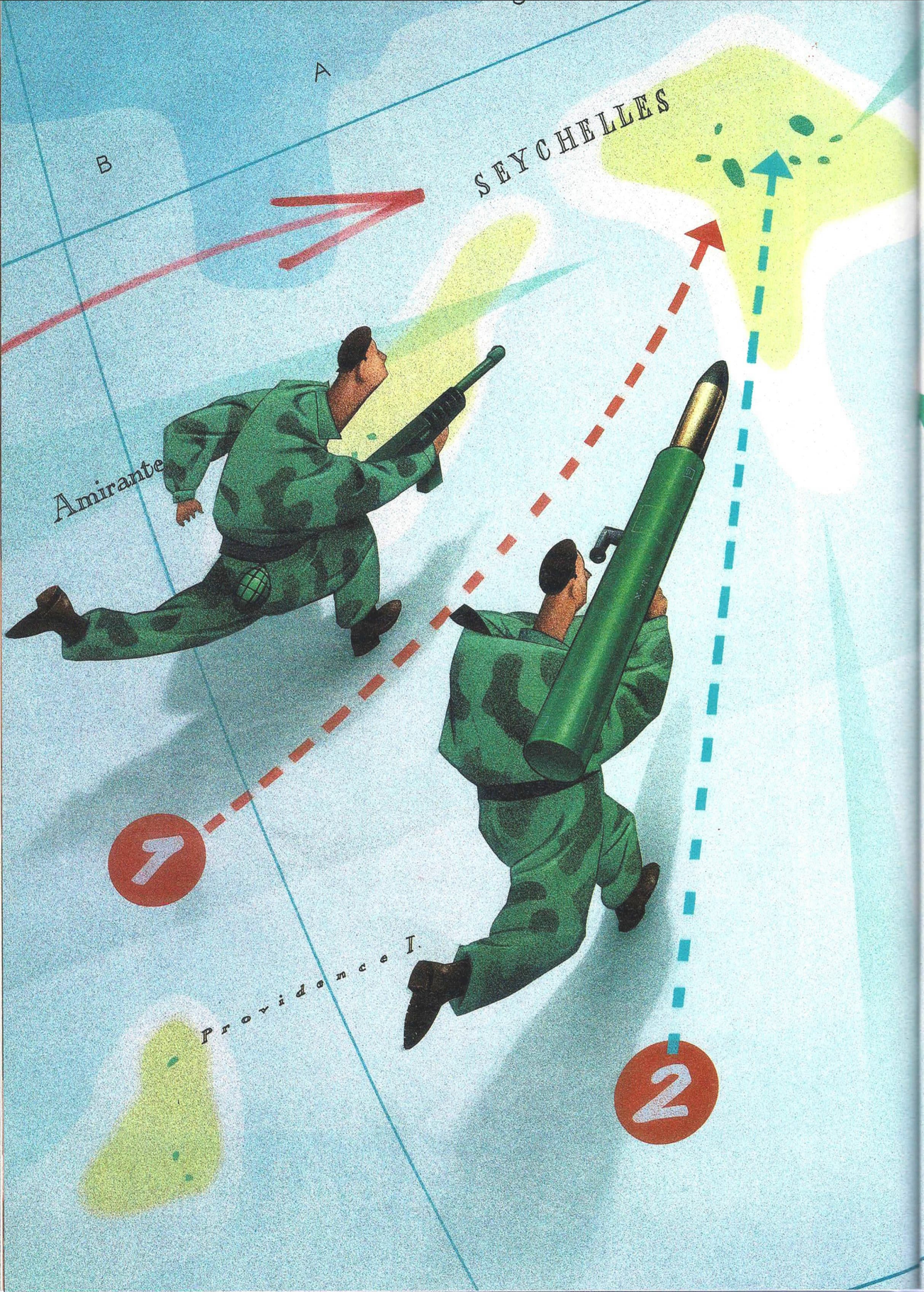
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Kylie confesses she's been going off in too many different directions. "The way it was, I'd go out and rage for a few days, then get all sheepish and knuckle back down to some hard work, and then get jack of that and lock myself away from every-body . . ."

"Now I know there's plenty of time to get serious — *later*. I think the old concept of living for the moment is right on the money. While I've got this notoriety to soak up, I'm going for it."



KANTOR'S GALLERY



BY JACK HOBSON

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

Peter Drummond is still scratching his head trying to figure out how the hell he got into this mess.

After all, there were times when he thought he was the only one who really knew what they were all letting themselves in for. He was the only one with any military experience, for God's sake. But when the crunch came, Drummond was the one who got picked up on the murder rap; Drummond was the one who got to nod his head to the "Foreign Incursions and Recruitments" charge. And when it was all over, Drummond was the one who got the holiday room at the Malabar Hilton — better known as Long Bay jail.

The man could perhaps be forgiven for occasionally asking: "Why me?"

Some of the more obvious reasons lie scattered among court transcripts and police records of interview, which trace the evolution of Drummond's plans to overthrow the communist-backed dictatorship of the tiny Seychelles Islands — a group lying off the eastern coast of Africa.

But at least part of the answer to Drummond's question lies back in time in the jungles of Vietnam and the killing fields of Kampuchea. Drummond's involvement with the former is first-hand, his knowledge of the latter second-hand — officially, anyway.

Like thousands of others, Peter George Murray Drummond was conscripted before he was allowed to vote. It was 1967, he was barely 20 and the war was revving up. He served one 12-month tour in 'Nam between 1968 and 1969, most of it with 4th Battalion, C Company. For about three months, he also served as a weapons

THE CUT-PRICE COUP

In late 1986, one Australian mercenary was all set to overthrow the government of the Seychelles. A little matter of a murder charge got in the way.

COUP

instructor, training incoming troops.

And then it was time to go.

It was bad enough coming home to a country, to friends and family, fiercely divided about whether he should have been there in the first place. But to add to it all, Drummond got busted on board the ship home. An officer reported him for having an American Services .45 in his kit. Drummond claims it was simply sour grapes.

"Every second bloke was bringing something back," he says, "particularly the officers and NCOs. They could bring back anything short of a Centurion tank. I'd bought the .45 off an American sergeant and had it for most of the tour. This officer wanted it and I told him to take a hike. I got 30-30."

That's 30 days' jail and 30 days' loss of pay. He served part of his time in the brig on board the *Sydney* and the rest at a military prison at Indooroopilly.

Although the welcome home parades weren't much in those moratorium days, Drummond feels the loss at having missed out. He never really came home.

"When I look back now it would have been fantastic to march. That was [supposed to be] the icing on the cake for a year overseas. I was the only one out of the battalion who never marched. Lately, it makes me very angry."

As it turned out, Drummond would also miss the belated welcome home parades staged 20 years later in 1987. He would be in jail again, although the charge would be more serious next time around.

For Drummond, as for many vets, coming home was far harder than leaving had been. After his discharge, he tried settling into his family's building business at Swan Hill in Victoria. It didn't work. There was always that restlessness. Next, he tried running a gym. It wasn't bad for a while: "While I enjoyed it I still had an itch for doing something else. I could never find what it was. It was just a restlessness. I could never come to grips with how to solve it."

Like a lot of vets, Drummond got married soon after coming home. And like a lot of vets, he got divorced not long after. On the rebound from that marriage he tried again, but it fell apart after about 14 months.

He had kept in touch with other vets and gradually began making contact with Kampucheans (Khmers) in Victoria.

"I had no interest in South-East Asia before going over. Even when I was there I had almost no association with Khmers. But it's very easy to get hooked by the place, the culture.

"When you came home, you felt cheated. We came home because the politicians said to, not because we got beaten. It would have been nice to go a little more dignified. We have been left with the embarrassment of how it finished. For that reason a lot of guys have kept an association going. There are a hell of a lot more Australians involved with Asian groups here than people realise."

Also, there was the guilt or plain concern about the people left behind. Drummond says he feels strongly about it: "That country [Kampuchea] is still being beaten about to buggery. I don't think that's the way people should be treated." So, he got himself involved. Which begs the question, of course, of just what it means to "get involved."

Don't hold your breath waiting for an explicit answer. Laid back he might be, but Drummond treats most questions as if they were landmines and feeds out his answers just as cautiously. "Well," he says finally, "it means different things for different people."

He pushes on warily: "First, you have to win the people here. They are very suspicious [but] when you win their hearts there is the opportunity of being able to work . . . in the sense of writing to local MPs, for instance.

"Another area," he says, pausing, ". . . is I guess a number of guys get involved in the other side. The military side tends to involve helping with the training side: first aid, intelligence, weapons handling . . ."

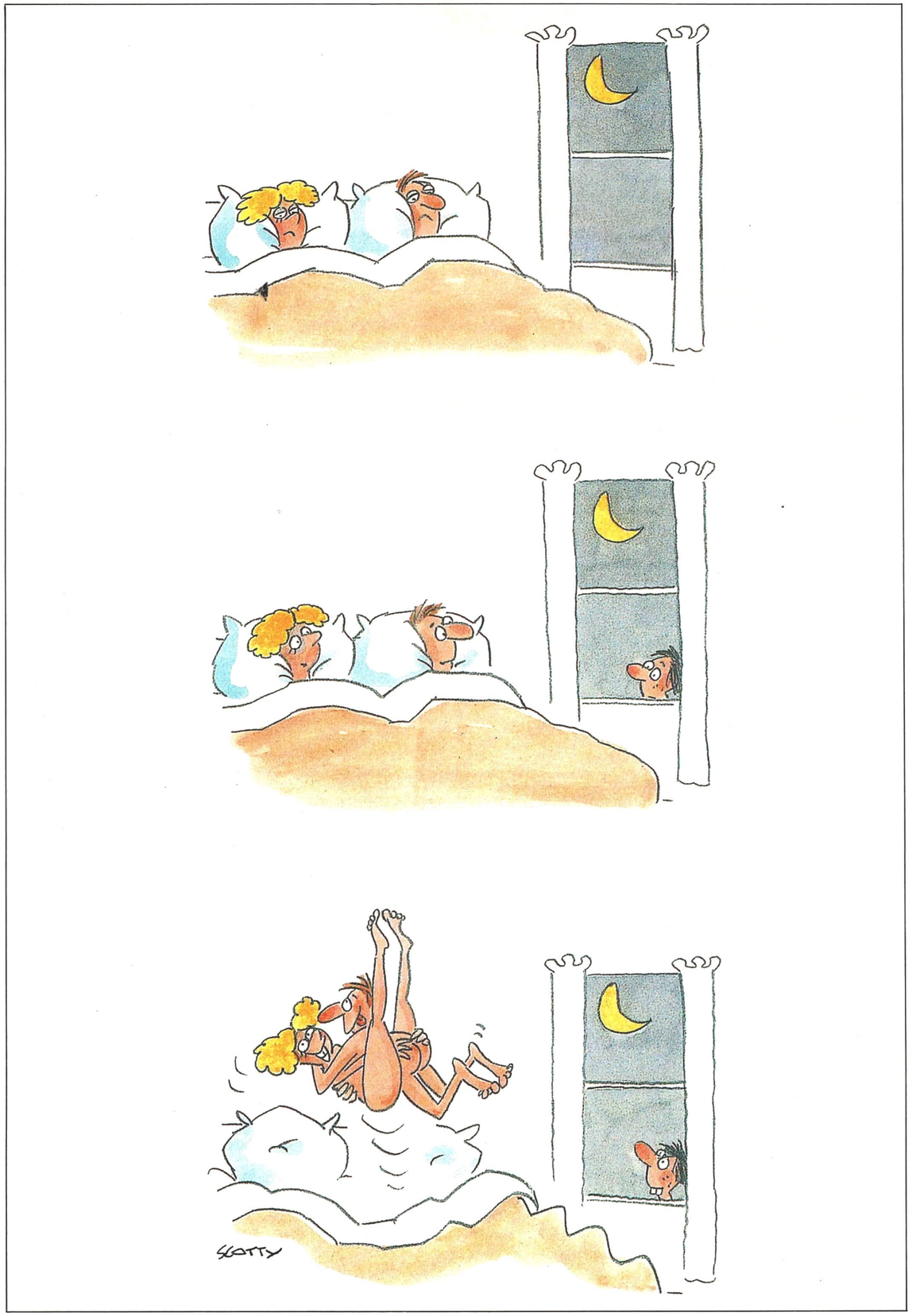
What about something more active? Drummond smiles. Has he ever engaged in the more active side? The smile breaks into a laugh but there's no answer. He fends off the question with this: "If your head pops up, that's it. Look at Ollie North. He did everything for his country. When it got too hot, they all hopped off and he got left. He couldn't have done all that on his own. The shit hit the fan and the guy was left on his own."

Most of Drummond's involvement, he says, has been with the local sympathisers of the Khmer Peoples' National Liberation Front. He is adamant, however, that that shouldn't be taken to mean he has ever engaged in anything even vaguely military for them. (There are three main Khmer opposition groups, which variously fight amongst each other or against the Vietnamese-backed Government. They are the Khmer Rouge, led by Khieu Samphan; a faction led by Prince Norodom Sihanouk; and the KPNLF, led by Son Sann. Most have bases of support in and around the refugee camps on the Thai border.)

Drummond's involvement with KPLNF elements in Australia began about 1974 — about the time his first marriage was coming apart. During the next five years his second marriage came and went, he moved to Melbourne and he met his current wife.

Perhaps it was age or perhaps it was the third marriage, but by the early Eighties Drummond seemed to have settled down. Not fully but enough, apparently, to be able to shrug off the prospect of signing on with the legendary Mad Mike Hoare.

"Colonel" Hoare is probably one of the widest-known mercenaries alive, thanks in part to the film *The Wild Geese*, which was



COUP

loosely based on some of his exploits in the Congo (now Zaire). Sometime in 1980 Hoare was approached to stage a coup in the Seychelles, which was and remains under the control of a former Prime Minister, Albert Rene.

Three years earlier, Rene had seized power and the presidency in a relatively bloodless coup. His genial but ineffective predecessor, Jimmy (now Sir James) Mancham, went into exile, along with many of his followers. Some settled in Australia, particularly in the west and Victoria.

The presence of such a large expatriate community here — now estimated at more than 7000 — was possibly one reason for Hoare's visit about that time. But, according to Drummond, it's an open secret that Melbourne is something of a magnet for mercenaries: "Without giving too much away, it's a known fact that Melbourne has been for some years now a fairly strong contact point for blokes who want to work overseas. Most that I am aware of in this country tend to head off to South-East Asia usually when it's the dry season overseas [about October through to March]."

Back about 1980 word got around that Hoare was in town: "It was fairly low-key because he didn't have any money in his hand. He was just feeling out his side of it. No-one even tentatively signed up but a few expressed interest."

Nothing much came of that visit although Hoare got his act together soon after, reportedly with the assistance of several million dollars and the alleged backing of sections of the South African Defence Forces.

Late in 1981 he led a plane-load of mercenaries, under cover of a social rugby team, into the Customs hall on the main Seychelles island of Mahe. When a poorly-disguised AK-47 was uncovered in one of the bags, a shoot-out erupted.

Most of Hoare's forces eventually escaped by commandeering an Air India jet. They headed for South Africa, where a number were arrested and jailed. Only one Australian was among the group: Ken Kelly, a long-time resident of South Africa.

Although Drummond read the press reports of Hoare's misadventure with some interest, his attention was focused closer to home. By 1984 his involvement with local Khmers was growing, primarily as a result of conversations he had with one of the leading lights in Victoria. "I told him we should be exposing some of the problems on the border."

So, about September 1985, Drummond took what he describes as a "legit" trip to Thailand and visited some of the camps, particularly one of the larger KPNLF ones — known imaginatively as Site 2 — which held about 160,000 refugees. On his return, he addressed a fairly well-attended meeting at Prahran. The audience was mainly Khmers but there was, he claims, a decent sprinkling of politicians from both sides. Drummond says the meeting was public and his address nothing spectacular: "Basically, it was to emphasise the plight of the refugees.

"The second part was about the [Vietnamese] military presence [in Kampuchea]. I disputed the Australian Government view that it was not very strong and was being withdrawn."

It might not have set the world on fire but it appears to have impressed someone. About one month later he got a phone call at home. The caller had a strong accent. He didn't give his name. He said he'd got Drummond's number from a mutual friend — a Khmer.

"Not much was said on the phone. He just said he wanted to have a talk. I said, 'In relation to what?' He said, 'In relation to the country where I used to live.' The bottom line was: 'We want to go back home.'"

Drummond decided to meet the caller: "I suppose it got the curiosity going. Being curious as I am, that tempted me to talk to him." He laughs. "Worst thing I ever did."

> "What they were going to do was send a group of blokes over themselves... None with any military training. Gangsters straight off the street."

Drummond met Brian Hoffman in the lounge of Melbourne's Southern Cross Hotel.

Hoffman is hardly a household name in Australia but he's well-known among the expatriate Seychellois community and can usually be relied on for some comment on the rare occasion when the Seychelles make the news. He's a fervent supporter of Jimmy Mancham and thus a fervent opponent of Rene. In 1985 he publicly sought federal police protection following the murder in London of Gerard Hoarau, an exiled Seychellois who had helped plan Hoare's attempted coup.

Hoffman cropped up publicly again late in 1987 when he was referred to in an SBS *Dateline* documentary on the Fijian coup. The program claimed that he was a close associate of Rod Kelly, a right-wing Australian unionist, who allegedly had links to the Alliance Party and the Fiji military during the weeks prior to the first coup.

According to Drummond, Hoffman put to him at the first meeting a "hypothetical situation." He set out his version of events in the Seychelles — which Drummond took with a grain of salt for the time being — and indicated that there were certain people who would like to see their old leader back in power.

"Hypothetically speaking", he wondered how a man such as Drummond might go about assisting that to occur. No doubt Drummond smiled, as he has a tendency to do. He said he'd have a think about it and perhaps put some of his thoughts down on paper.

During subsequent weeks, the pair continued to discuss their hypothetical problem. Eventually, Hoffman said that a number of people were interested in "supporting his thoughts in a financial situation." Subsequently, Drummond says, Hoffman made a number of trips to Sydney. Although Drummond never accompanied him, he sometimes arranged to meet him there. This was in the early part of 1986.

Drummond was not privvy to all the details of what had preceded Hoffman's approach. But from what he later saw and heard, he gained the impression that the catalyst had been a meeting between Hoffman and a one-time Australian Customs officer, Malcolm Dixon.

"Hoffman couldn't help himself. He loved to talk about things. Dixon told me that he met Hoffman at a function and that Hoffman had said similar sorts of things to him [as he'd said to Drummond].

"I got the impression that Dixon introduced him to some business friends of his in Sydney — Rick Sanford and others. These people have all sort of said they are interested."

From what Drummond could make out, some of these "others" whom Hoffman met were more or less "gangsters."

"What they were going to do was send a group of blokes over themselves. Can you imagine it? None with any military training. Gangsters straight off the street.

"Then I got up there and Hoffman took me over to Adrian Kay's hotel [the King Arthur's Court at Kings Cross]. There was Hoffman, me, Dixon, [another expatriate Seychellois, George] La Rue, Rick Sanford and one or two blokes who sat around another table trying to look like bodyguards. You had to be there."

Drummond is smiling as he shakes his head. "The plot thickened. Sanford didn't know me but I think Hoffman said to him, 'I think it's better we get a bloke like this to do it than blokes off the street.' Unbelievable."

There was little talk of the Seychelles at the first meeting. Drummond figures the main purpose was to let Sanford size him up.

During a number of further meetings the two built up a rapport of sorts: "In the end I quite liked the guy. I still don't know what he was really involved in. He came from the UK to Australia about ten years ago — that was about all I knew of his personal life. A fairly tough [London] upbringing; smart dresser and a smoothie; but he had a hard core.

"His role was going to be acting as an intermediary for the financial side of it. He was representing a group of people I never met and he never said their names. He said funds would become available by a certain date.

"I was under the impression that the money was coming from overseas and not local sources — possibly America. I suppose it was legit money but given the people I was dealing with there's a fair chance it wasn't."

Drummond still isn't sure what the pay-off was to be for Sanford & Co. All he got were hints: "There was the possibility of the Seychelles being a safe haven. I got the impression they were interested in whether it might be a non-extraditable place. They also expressed interest in the tourism aspect of it. They didn't specifically mention casinos [but] there was quite a lot of talk about redevelopment."

Now, Drummond is as in favor of free enterprise as the next man, but none of this interested him terribly much. He was more concerned with logistics, figuring out how the hell to take the place over. So, while the financiers, middle-men, "gangsters" and other fringe dwellers were holding their innumerable Mad Hatter's tea parties and talking pie-in-the-sky, elements back in the Seychelles and within the expatriate community in Australia were putting together the necessary reconnaissance and intelligence material.

Drummond wanted and got detail after detail after detail.

He not only needed confirmation of Rene's record on human rights and political freedom — presumably to convince himself he was on the "right" side — but massive amounts of information about weather, tides, geography, air traffic, locations of key buildings and installations, military strengths and allegiances, weapons stores, habits of key political and military personnel. You name it, he needed it, right down to when the army got paid and whether they had a tendency to get drunk that night. (He got his answer: they did.)

Drummond is not saying exactly what he got nor where it came from but he was impressed: "There were a couple of blokes in particular who did a lot of work. They managed to send over some pretty sensitive stuff."

One snippet of incidental information allegedly concerned currency transfers from the Seychelles to Australia, specifically the sum of $17 million in one hit under the name of a prominent Australian industrialist.

By this stage — about April/May 1986 — Drummond had firmed up his plan of action and decided on the essentials.

He wanted a small team, bearing in mind Hoare's disaster and the sheer difficulty of getting a large number of burly blokes into a place like the Seychelles without attracting too much attention. Apart from himself, Drummond figured on about ten or so good, solid, suitably-armed mercenaries, including a doctor and a pilot. The arms, medical and other equipment would be bought here, flown over and dumped at sea from where they would be recovered and stored on Mahe.

According to court documents, the weapons were to include: about eight M-16s, two of which would have M79 grenade launchers attached; silencers; about 5000 rounds of 5.56 ammunition; gas and smoke canisters; about six 9mm pistols with silencers; plastic explosives; handsets and medical supplies.

Drummond suggests caution in evaluating the official arsenal but won't elaborate.

Despite the fire power, he hoped for a relatively bloodless affair. The key was the "liberation" of a poorly-guarded jail on a small island not far from Mahe. It held about 150 prisoners and, by Drummond's reckoning, "You could not find a better fighter."

His information was that most of them were at least semi-political prisoners — "not blokes that robbed banks and shot up the local sheriff" — and that they would relish the chance to take part in some action.

"We had already sent word over and that was the reply. Everyone in the prison knew we were on our way. We had a 99 percent reaction that if we opened the gate they would hop on the boat."

Those prisoners who were interested

Continued on page 94

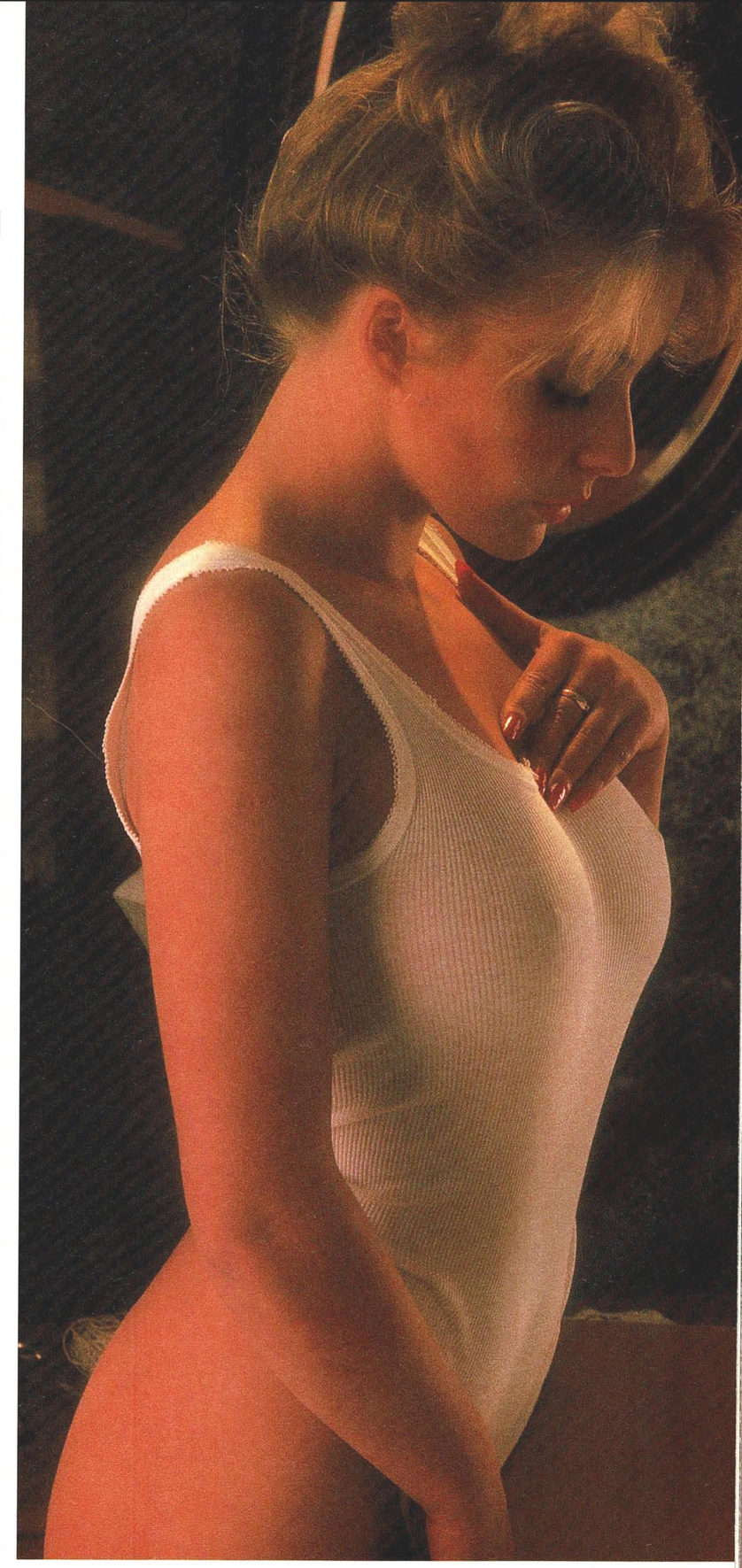
"All those opposed?"

JUST DRIVE

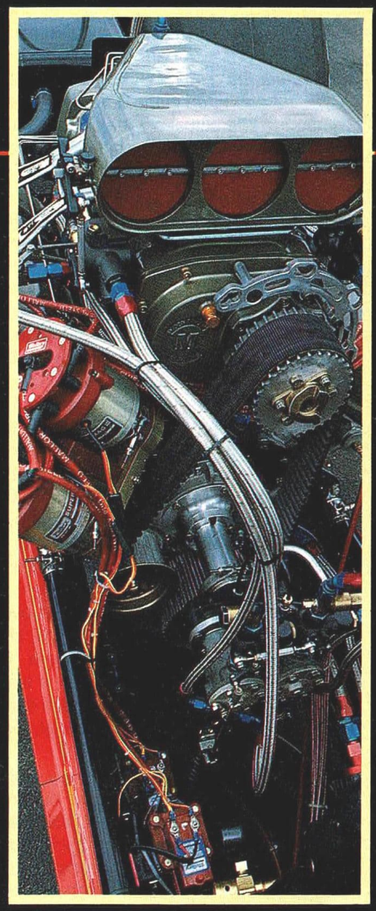
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND

"Tell the men out there that there are still girls who like to be dominated by a man," says the sensational Jean Griffith. "Some of us like to be told what to do and when — especially in bed. That's the way we want it."

"I meet men who are too busy apologising for the fact that they want to get into my pants. I just have to send them up, I think they're so funny. I really give it to them. They do very little for me, with the odd exception, so I've got nothing to lose."



Jean draws the line at complete pigs, whom she claims she can spot a mile off — "But a little assertion and good old fashioned sex drive goes a long way."



The fire-belching, 3000 horsepower sport of Top Fuel drag racing is rated NPA. No Pansies Allowed.

FLAMING ARROWS

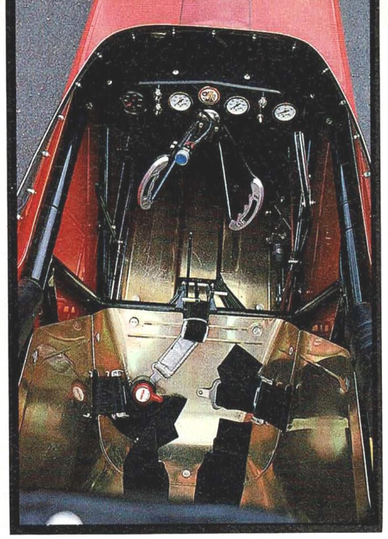
Poor Nelson Piquet. There he was in the early Eighties, hailed as the world's bravest racing driver. With a turbocharged BMW four-cylinder behind his back, the World Formula One champion jousted with 1300 explosive horsepower. Nelson the Great. But the back-slappers didn't realise Formula One — then and even more so now — runs a distant second in the power race. The big daddy of them all is the Top Fuel dragster.

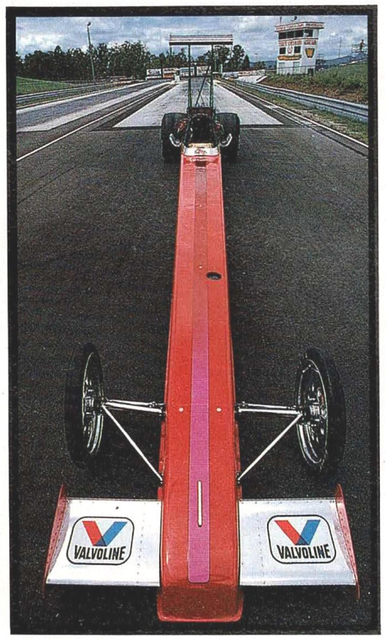
With a mere squeeze of the foot, the crazies who drive these four-wheeled Exocets have 3000 horsepower on tap. Three thousand! Like a woman in stiletto heels, a Top Fuel car looks awkward when it's not doing what it does best. And that's hammering down a quarter-mile (400-metre) strip in less than six seconds. It's a lights, action and drama show without equal.

Drag racing — especially the Top Fuel variety — is big news Stateside. Two seasons back, it ranked second behind basketball as the USA's biggest spectator sport. But like many American fascinations, its appeal isn't universal. Australian circuit racing purists reckon each race finishes so soon because the crowd it attracts can't concentrate for much longer than 10 seconds at a time . . . But the drag ignorants of the world don't bother Jim

BY EWAN PAGE

PHOTOS BY WARWICK KENT





Telephone number power figures are good for nothing but posing, unless they're put to work. Jim Read's machine ate up the quarter-mile in 5.65 seconds, an Australian record.

ARROWS

Read. Seven-times national champion, the wily Sydney in-ground pool builder is the fastest non-American Top Fuel driver. Match racing New Zealand's Garth Hogan in Queensland recently, Read obliterated the Australian record with a sizzling elapsed time of 5.65 seconds at 242 mph. That's the quickest time ever recorded outside the USA.

Wind tunnel tests say a Top Fuel car shouldn't better 250 mph. In America, they're putting down sub-five second passes at 270 mph! The difference between times here and there is in the tracks, pure and simple. Ours don't grip quite as well, a point Read proved a couple of seasons ago. He took a car across, smashed the track record and outqualified all the hot shots at the Winternationals. The Yanks couldn't believe it.

Gaining traction when pedal meets metal is, basically, what it's all about. The 484 cubic-inch, all-aluminium monster motor bolted to the aircraft-specification steel chassis is tougher than a Bronx street brawler. Let off the leash, it will torture and destroy rear tyres like there's no tomorrow. The trick for blokes like Jim Read is to use that awesome grunt in such a way that the tyres don't need a Panadol afterwards.

Doing that is quite a struggle. While the engine is based on a 1958 Chrysler V8, changing technology has brought with it a steady evolutionary process. Force-feeding air and nitromethane fuel at 31 psi of pressure is a huge, magnesium-cased 14-71 supercharger. Supplying the high octane nitro is a complex Enderle fuel injection system, the like of which will never be seen in a production car.

An eight-cylinder engine — eight fuel injectors, one per cylinder, right? Wrong. Try 32. That's eight just below the air intake "hat", eight in the intake manifold and 16 in the cylinder heads, two feeding each intake port. At idle, only the hat and manifold injectors supply fuel. Once Read nails the throttle, the other 16 squirters kick in.

Exhaust emission and fuel economy rules are for pansies. Twin fuel pumps deliver 40 litres of nitro on each run, which the engine gladly chews up. At $13 per litre, it's an expensive few seconds . . . Fuel supply is an area where engine builders have made significant inroads. The engines now swallow double the amount they did two to three seasons ago, not only helping performance but also reducing maintenance costs.

Not all of this massive octane flow is consumed inside the engine. You know it's action time when long, hot, blue flame shoots from the exhaust pipes as vapor is burnt off. Replacing several pistons during each meeting used to be commonplace. Using more fuel has cooled combustion temperatures and helped individual parts live much longer. Burning the nitro are 16 spark plugs, two per cylinder.

The need to strip and rebuild at short notice is why these motors can go from fully assembled down to bare bits and back to bolt-up in a mere 40 minutes. Steel cylinder "liners" are inserted in the bores to prevent damage to the actual engine block should something go wrong. If a piston is lunched, both it and the liner are removed and replaced.

Telephone number power figures are good for nothing but posing, unless they're put to work. Read's Winfield car is equipped with the latest in racing transmissions. Gear shifting is kept to a minimum: there isn't any. The AFT direct-drive system basically takes engine power and feeds it directly to the back wheels, through a six-stage clutch.

A series of timers is located ahead of the driver and electronically connected to the clutch packs. The timers are pre-set before the run and triggered once Read leaves the line. As each timer is activated (around 0.2 of a second apart) the clutch takes up, a stage at a time. When the last stage cuts in, the clutch stops slipping and full power is transferred to the rear wheels.

It's an amazingly effective way of overcoming the problems associated with slippery tracks and massive horsepower. By plugging in a personal computer, the team can alter when and for how long each stage cuts in, depending on the amount of available grip.

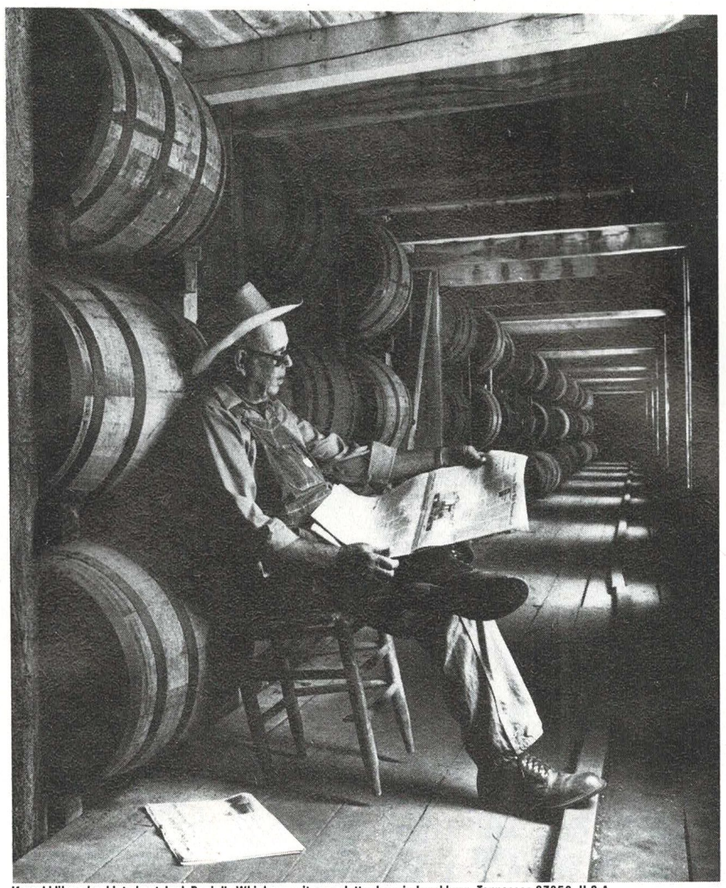
That type of computer technology is also used to extract maximum engine performance. During the warm up and after each run, the computer flashes up graphs showing engine revs, fuel pump speeds and supercharger boost pressure. That removes most of the guesswork from finding an efficient engine set-up. And that configuration will, again, depend on track conditions. Grip, in other words.

Driving one of these beasts isn't recommended for those with chronic heart conditions. On a good night, the only wheelspin you'll see is when each contender pulls a "burnout" to get heat into those so-soft rear tyres. The launch is like a light switch — on or off. The problem for the drivers is if full engine power creates wheelspin, sending the car sideways.

"You've got to just squeeze the steering wheel to bring the car back on line," says Read. "If you turn it too hard you've got a disaster on your hands." Read, like most Top Fuel top guns, has had his fair share of prangs. Like the time the parachutes failed and he sailed through the recovery road and into a paddock. The ghost ride came to an end when he ran beneath a wire fence, which caught the rear wing.

The car jerked to a violent stop, similar to a jet fighter landing on an aircraft carrier. Read's neck still gives him problems. It acts as a reminder that what gives so much enjoyment to driver and crowd can take a life just as easily.

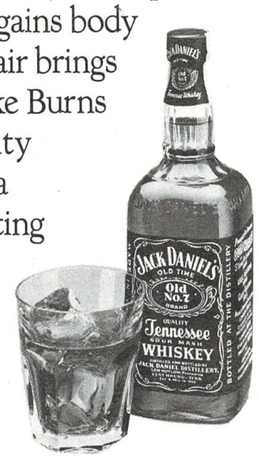
Is Jim Read the world's bravest racer? Perhaps — but there are hot shoes in America who'd argue the toss . . . O



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

AGING JACK DANIEL'S WHISKEY calls for hot summers, cold winters and a few men like Lawrence Burns.

Summer's heat causes our whiskey to seep inside the barrel's char. (Here's where it gains body and colour.) Our cold winter air brings it back out. And barrelmen like Burns keep track of this gentle activity year after year after year. For a whiskey, there's no better resting place than a Jack Daniel's warehouse. From the looks of Mr. Burns, there's nothing wrong with it for a man.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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Femmes FATALES

When the Emperor Napoleon needed to get a vital message through enemy lines, he would choose a cavalry officer of outstanding skill, athleticism and courage. The courier would have to ride over numerous obstacles until, confronted by the foe, he would leap from his mount and engage in intense fighting with pistol and sword. Then, with the enemy in hot pursuit, he might be forced to swim across a river and finally run cross-country to deliver his message.

These latter-day lethal weapons are emulating the feats of Napoleon's heroic cavalrymen

When Baron Pierre de Coubertin founded the modern Olympics, he wanted to include a sport that would simulate the exploits of Napoleon's heroic cavalrymen. The five-event modern pentathlon,

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY ALEX WATSON

Femmes FATALES

combining showjumping, fencing, pistol shooting, swimming and running, was finally accepted by the International Olympic Committee and first contested at the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm.

From the beginning, modern pentathlon was the domain of army officers and policemen. One of the sport's most notable exponents was the iron-fisted megalomaniac American General George S. Patton. No doubt the Emperor, the Baron and the General alike would be astounded to learn that this most masculine of sports is now being contested by an alluring breed of fighting fit *femmes fatales*, among them the recently formed Australian national women's pentathlon squad.

Although there are about 40 Australian women pentathletes in full-on training, the national squad consists of only six, and of these just three will compete as Australia's team in the 1991 World Championships — the first for women to be held on Australian soil. The three "musketettes" pictured in these pages — Sydneysiders Nicole Andronicus, Larissa Macken and Diane Nash — are in the national squad and all could make the final cut. Any one of them would easily out-shoot, out-fence and out-ride General George, as well as leaving him floundering in the pool or on the track.

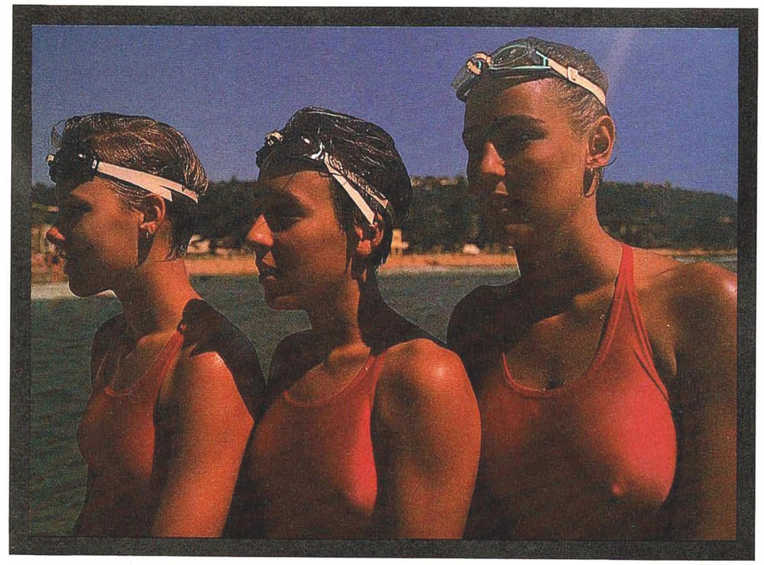
Women's pentathlon was first contested internationally in 1977. The skill elements — fencing, pistol shooting and showjumping — are exactly the same as in the men's event, but the swimming and running distances have been shortened to 200 metres and two kilometres respectively. It's not an endurance affair as such — there's plenty of rest between each of the five events — so the emphasis is on all-round proficiency. But the fencing might involve up to 60 fights in a day, requiring enormous levels of concentration and stamina. In fact, modern pentathlon is arguably the most difficult of all the Olympic sports. Accepting that challenge has been the major attraction for the new breed of female competitors.

Training for this event is not any sort of picnic. A typical weekly schedule would involve half a dozen six-kilometre swims, eight runs of a minimum ten kilometres, and a further 15 hours of riding, fencing and shooting practice. A tough schedule, especially when you have to wrap it around the normal grind of schoolwork.

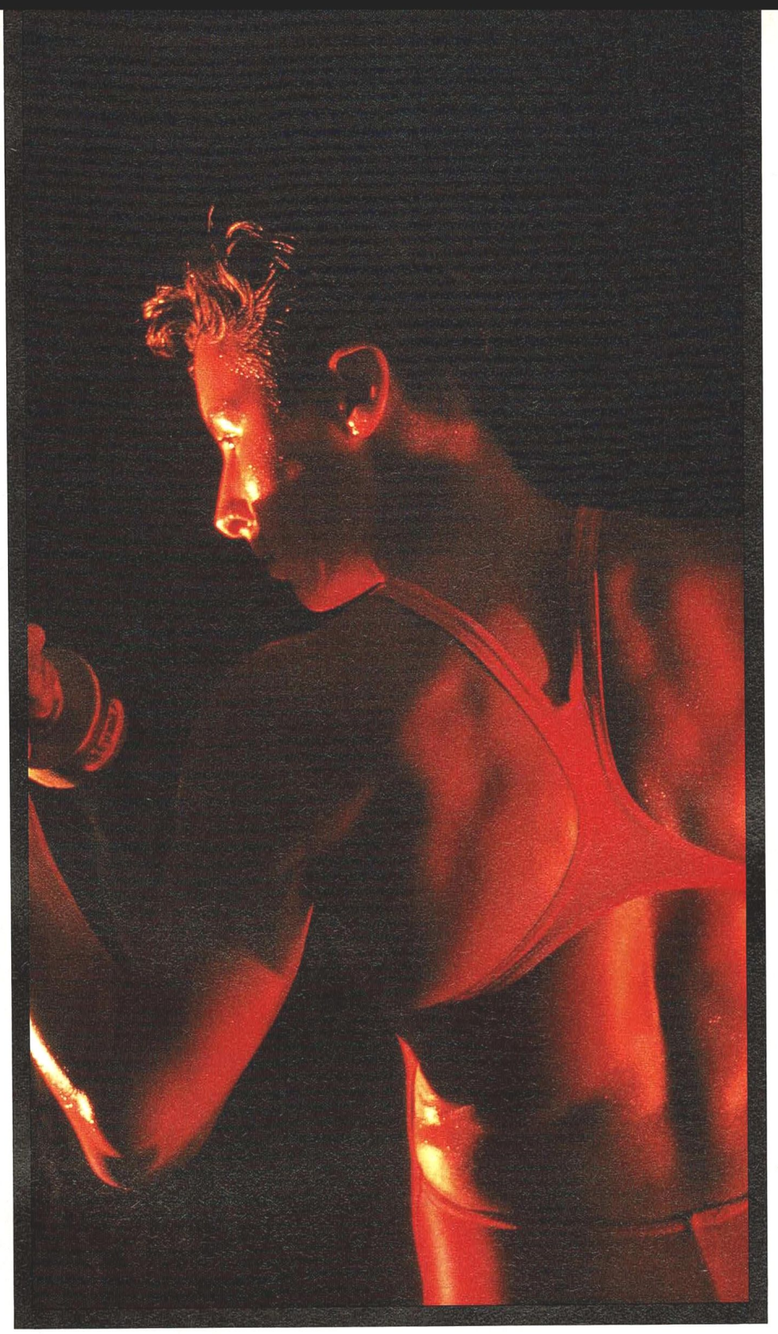
Larissa Macken, just 14 years old and a Year 10 student, is already emulating her famous father Peter, who represented Australia in modern pentathlon at five successive Olympic Games from Rome in 1960 to Montreal in '76. Peter Macken is the overall coach of the national women's squad and is gearing up these girls for an all-out attack on the 1991 World Championships. "Dad's been a real influence — in fact an inspiration," says Larissa. "Looking at our recent performances, we should all be at a peak by '91 and we all have a strong objective — to win medals and prove a point to the guys. It's nothing personal. We're not anti-men, believe me."

"The variety of pentathlon is what I love," says 16-year-old Diane Nash. "Other sports like triathlon are exciting, but it's the combination of the physical events and the skill events that makes this sport so attractive." Diane entered the sport with a strong background in running, swimming and state-level diving.

Nicole Andronicus, also 16 and a school student, came into pentathlon with an excellent swim background. The discipline and fitness she'd already developed have provided an excellent base for the multi-event challenge. "I've had to adopt a more competitive attitude," she observes, "especially



Opening spread: Swashbuckling Nicole Andronicus wields the epee. Left: Larissa Macken has plenty of power in the 200 metres freestyle. The girls cover the distance about five seconds slower than specialist swimmers. Right: From left, Nicole Andronicus, Diane Nash, Larissa Macken.



Left: Diane Nash does plenty of lightweight body toning to improve strength and stamina. Right: From left, Larissa, Diane and Nicole.

Femmes FATALES

in the events such as fencing, where it's just a matter of kill or be killed. Fitting training around schoolwork is a problem, but our biggest worry is money. I've started a few part-time jobs and done some modelling, but if there's a warm-hearted sponsor out there who could see a way to include us in their promotions, we're ready to negotiate." Any takers?

It will be very tough for any of our girls to take out an individual medal in '91, but with the home turf advantage they're an excellent chance for a team medal. To get it they'll have to ride near-perfect showjumping rounds and keep pace with the top guns in the fencing and shooting disciplines. If they're well placed going into the final rounds they'll be right up there at the end, because collectively they have probably the best swimming and running abilities of any of the world's women pentathletes.

Had any of these latter-day lethal weapons been on Napoleon's side they'd have caused many an uprising in the ranks. Very likely they'd have got the enemy running as well, but not in the direction the Emperor wanted.

Arnold Schwarzenegger has muscled his way to superstardom

A weedy weakling attracts the attention of a lady bodybuilder. "I've spent three years creating this body," breathes his husky companion as she exposes an oiled, tanned torso rippling with muscle, "and for one night it's all yours. How does that make you feel?"

With a gulp, he says: "Like Mrs Arnold Schwarzenegger."

The scene is from *Skin Deep*, a new comedy. The joke is director Blake Edwards' tribute to the man who almost single-handedly turned body-building into a business, then a personal career, and finally into a school of highly successful films. Increasingly, the modern movie hero is built to the rugged specifications of the ex-Mr Universe from Graz, Austria.

Schwarzenegger is neck and neck with Sylvester Stallone for the title of Hollywood's most rugged (and richest) star — though nobody in the film business is exactly sure why. Is beefcake really an escape route from those endless blood-splattered sequels to *Halloween* and *Friday The 13th*? Could cocaine and fornication be Out and health, wealth and family In?

As usual, the public is way ahead of Hollywood. Menaced by a Pandora's Box of venereal diseases, they're finding the bump and grind of physical sex less and less interesting. Looking and fantasising, many conclude, can be more attractive — not to mention safer — than tasting and touching.

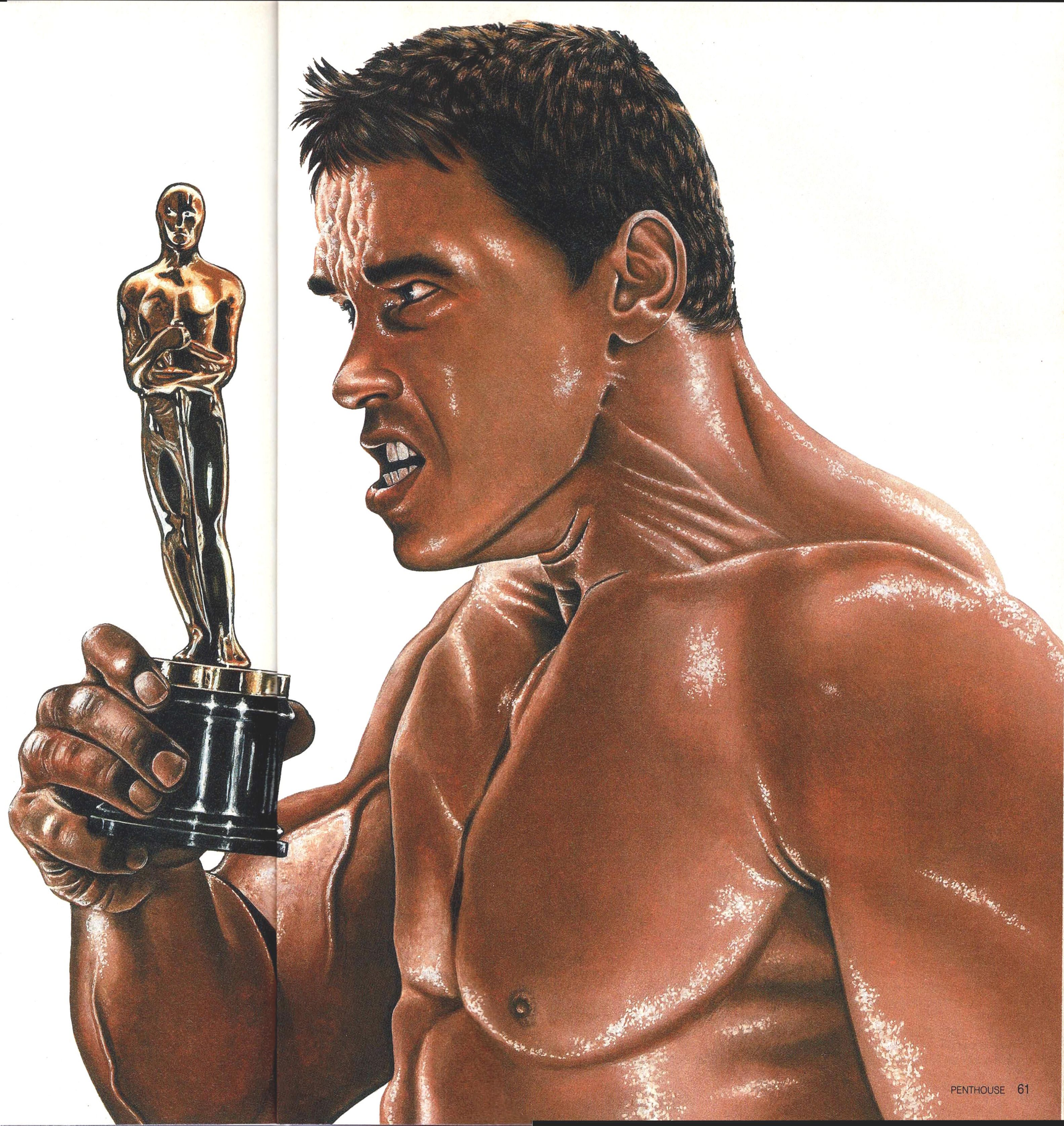
"MALE BODYBUILDER WANTED by handsome, young, discreet and generous businessman. I want to admire the body that you worked so hard to get. Especially want to watch you do part of your arm workout. No nudity. Interested?"

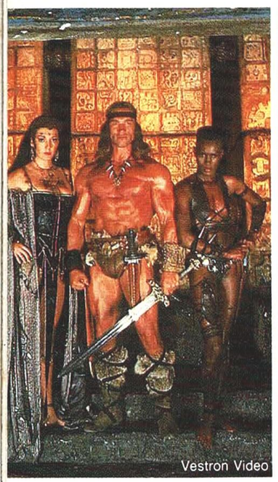
THE BODY ELECTRIC

Ads like this one, from a recent issue of the *LA Reader*, most prestigious of the city's giveaway lifestyle guides, reflect a new taste for dispassionate passion. So does the roster of 1988's best-selling films. Few could be called sexy. Top grossers include the chaste comedies *Three Men And A Baby* and *Crocodile Dundee II* ($130 million on a $20 million investment). Throwbacks to childhood were popular: *Who Framed Roger Rabbit, The Land Before Time* and Disney's reissue of *Bambi* all scored heavily with audiences.

BY JOHN BAXTER

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL NEWMAN




Vestron Video

CBS/Fox Video

The Evolution of Arnie. Clockwise from above: As Conan, Schwarzenegger got to show his muscles and battle ancient adversaries; In Commando, Predator and a string of similar flicks he got to show his muscles and battle everything from commies to aliens; In Twins, big Arnie finally gets the girl.

UIP

CBS/Fox Video

THE BODY

Everywhere you look in California there are signs of a new physical sensibility. Smoking, drugs and fattening foods are out. Toning Up, long a fashionable alternative to the life of the couch potato, has all but supplanted Turning On. Half a dozen TV channels offer early morning aerobics programs: Ted Turner's *CNN* even interrupts its nonstop news for an hourly "Body Break", with movie body-builder Jake Steinfeld of *Body By Jake* demonstrating some muscle-knotting manipulation.

Video rental shelves are lined with workout cassettes, elbowing out video courses in wine appreciation and *Great Dishes Of The World*. Instead, Jane Fonda and Victoria Principal push their recipes for taut bums and firm thighs.

There are exercise tapes for the pregnant, the handicapped — even aerobics for the middle-aged, set to big band hits of the Forties. Soon to join them is *The Wit And Wisdom Of George Burns* in which the veteran comic, along with tips for enjoying maturity, demonstrates his 20-minute daily exercise routine. He's 93.

This taste for health, fitness and the Good Life has made Arnold Schwarzenegger, at 42, among the cinema's most bankable stars. The Austrian-born ex-Mr Europe, Mr World, Mr Universe (five times) and Mr Olympia (seven times) has never been more famous or successful.

Schwarzenegger has flirted with the movies since 1970, but until 1984, it seemed he'd spend his film career playing comedy bit parts or roles like *Conan The Barbarian* which traded on his spectacular dimensions. But James Cameron's science fiction drama *The Terminator* freed him forever from the constraints of the cast-iron jockstrap. As a homicidal robot from the future, he was cool, hard and utterly relentless.

Before the *The Terminator*, he got $2.2 million a picture; these days, bids for big Arnie start at $12 million.

How did he do it? The key clearly isn't his acting ability. He still moves like the automaton he played in *The Terminator*, stiff-legged and jerky. His voice is toneless, heavily accented; in his first film it was dubbed out and that of another actor substituted.

Writers have learned to skate around these inconveniences. Schwarzenegger's scripts are structured as a series of comic one-liners. Asked about someone he's just tossed out the window, he'll explain guilelessly, "He stepped out for some air." Told by gunshop owner Dick Miller in *The Terminator* that he can't load the weapons he's just bought, Arnie growls "Wrong" and blows him away. Delivered in his monosyllabic mittel-European grunt, these slow-motion *bons mots* can pass on a cloudy day for wit.

With Schwarzenegger, acting isn't the point. "Wet, she's a star," snarled a producer after swimming star Esther Williams' first (and last) attempt at drama. In Schwarzenegger's case, the keyword is "bare" — though all his contracts carry a "No Nudity" clause (a body double has replaced him in almost every film for a discreet rear shot). Schwarzenegger's body is his business, and though Clive James once unkindly compared it to a brown condom stuffed with walnuts, that torso (144cm chest, 78cm waist, 56cm biceps) remains one of the wonders of the film world.

Through the Seventies, Schwarzenegger had seen fellow body builders Reg Park and Steve Reeves waste their best years in Italian historical epics, heaving plaster rocks and styrofoam columns around Cinecitta studios. Sheer muscle, he grasped early, wasn't in itself negotiable. There had to be a way to make all that sweat saleable, and the 1977 documentary *Pumping Iron* provided it.

Based on Charles Gaines' book of the same name about competitive body building, it gave the big Austrian an opportunity to articulate the pleasures of his work out.

As oxygenated blood raced through a muscle, explained Schwarzenegger in the film, it created a "rush" that he could compare only to an orgasm. To pump up one's entire body, therefore, was to turn oneself into solid sexual tissue, a penis (in his case) 188cm long and 144cm in circumference. Every instant in which he gorged his muscles with blood, he experienced sexual ecstasy. "Get it?" his satisfied smile seemed to say. After that, Arnold never looked back.

Attempts since to humanise Schwarzenegger and lighten this daunting image have traditionally failed. Though he married Maria Shriver, voluptuous TV commentator and member of the Kennedy clan, Arnold has never been credible as passion's plaything. When director John Irvin cast him as a cop devoted to his family in *Raw Deal*, the film was a flop. He bombed too in *Commando*

Continued on page 134

TARA

"I'm a sucker for the old desert island scenario," reveals the steamy Tara Foster. "The way I cope with living in the city is through my fantasies. In my mind's eye, there's one particular beach — and six particularly gorgeous men — where I return day in and day out . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

PICTURE THIS

"I take the men in turns, but so I can keep track I've had to take a leaf out of Robinson Crusoe's book . . . Their names are Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday . . ."

Only six? "There's no Sunday," explains Tara, "but that's not because it's a day of rest. Sunday is variety day."

Tara swears that she'll find her island fantasy one day in reality. "I've been sailing a few times, and I'm terrible at it — no idea at all. So there's every chance I'll be shipwrecked sometime."

HARD ROCK

BY DONALD ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SCOTT

A little sex goes a long way in the music video arena. A little more sex can be simply irresistible

The scene is a large manor house. The master is a stocky young man with close-cropped blond hair. His wife is a demure brunette. They do not converse — not over dinner nor at any other stage. As the man walks through the house, he indulges in detailed erotic fantasies about the female servants. The camera depicts these faithfully. In one shot, a maid stands in the middle of a room and strips down to her underwear, and then completely. In another, the man's hands soap a woman's breasts as he stands beside her. In a third, a fully clothed maid fondles herself as she descends a sweeping staircase. The scenes aren't from *Emmanuelle Rides Again*, although they wouldn't be out of place there. They are in fact from the

HARD ROCK

music video that *MTV* has decided is too hot to play, the video for the song "Imagination" by English singer Belouis Some. The video has been screened, however, by the ABC's overnight video show, *Rage*.

Sex and rock are certainly no strangers — the very term rock 'n' roll was a black American euphemism for intercourse. But the full-scale marketing of rock using erotic videos is new. A number of elements have combined in Australia to create the conditions for this development — a development that has *MTV* host Richard Wilkins observing: "It's got to the point where every video seems to have a couple of good sorts in there at some stage."

First, strangely enough, was the frenzied buying and selling of capital city radio stations over the past couple of years. Some of the prices paid were so high that the only way the new licence holders could see to make their money back was by targeting the big-spending 24 to 39 age group. This shift in programming sounded the death knell for Top 40 radio.

It also meant that it was much harder to get a new song added to a radio playlist as the airwaves suffocated in the sounds of baby boomer nostalgia. As Jeremy Fabinyi, manager of Mental As Anything, the Cockroaches and Machinations, puts it: "It's easier to get played on the radio if you've been dead for 20 years than if you're a new band."

Perhaps prodded by a guilty conscience, Hoyts Media head Glenn Wheatley earlier this year announced a $250,000 competition for new unsigned bands. Winners will receive airplay and promotion on the Hoyts network, which includes 2MMM Sydney, 3MMM Melbourne, FM104 Brisbane, 5AD Adelaide and 96FM Perth.

As radio has tightened up, music television has blossomed, particularly the late night variety. Australia now has *MTV* on the Nine Network, *Nightshift* on Network Ten and *Rage* on the ABC. For the networks, music television is still cheap Australian programming despite the record companies' negotiation of a "pay for play" deal in 1987. And for the record companies, music television is in many cases the only avenue of exposure to a mass audience they've got.

"It's really hard to break records," says Jeremy Fabinyi. "Clubs are important, particularly for dance music. Late night video shows are important. All TV is important — *Saturday Morning Live, Video Hits*, even *The Cartoon Connection*. All of these are so much more important now that radio is so . . . unresponsive."

Nothing will convince Fabinyi, however, that these new avenues will replace the promotional impact of high rotation radio. "Who watches TV at 3 o'clock in the morning and gets up the next morning and rushes out and buys a record?" he asks. "I don't mean to put these shows down, because they are important. But my impression is of people at a wild party with the TV on in the background and other things going on in the foreground."

Fabinyi commends music industry initiatives like Export Music Australia (a company formed to foster the export of Australian contemporary music) and seminars for up and coming band managers, but says, "Radio is holding everything back. These other things are important, but really it's just rearranging the deckchairs on the *Titanic*."

The crisis in breaking new records in such an environment has record company promotional staff tearing their hair out in frustration. One of the more successful ploys in getting the audience's attention these days is the soft porn video.

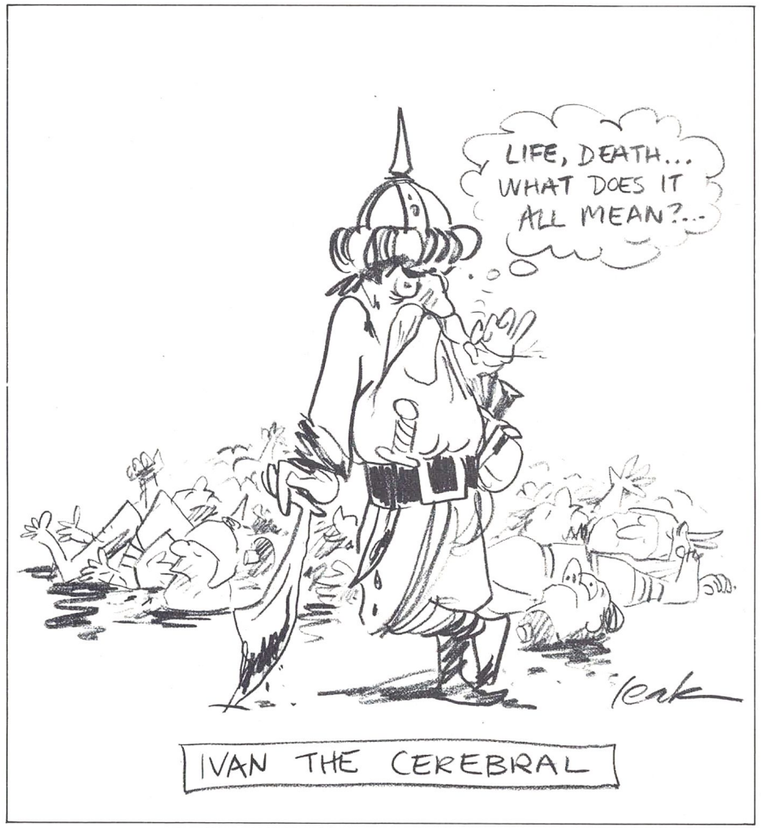
"For some people, the sexy visual works better than the music itself," comments Saul Schtein, executive producer at *MTV*. "Sabrina is a good example. You'd never pick that song ["Boys (Summertime Love)"] up if it was just a song. The clip [which features the busty Sabrina falling out of a bikini top as she cavorts around a swimming pool] gave it extra scope and extra airplay. We were playing it on our show because we were getting a reaction. Everyone ended up talking about the clip."

Although many people single out Duran Duran's "Girls On Film", a long-form sex romp assembled by video maestros Godley and Creme, as the groundbreaking erotic rock video, it's probably safe to say that it was Robert Palmer who fully realised the potential of the genre.

British photographer Terence Donovan is the man responsible for the trademark Palmer video girls. A contemporary of David Bailey, Donovan made his name photographing for British style magazine *Harpers & Queen*, in whose pages was first coined the term "Sloane Ranger." The models Donovan assembled, with their identikit clothes and make-up, deadpan expressions and bodies gyrating in unison, helped propel "Addicted To Love" to the top of the US charts.

The combination of Palmer's urbane style and the detached sexuality of the girls was an explosive one, and Palmer's record company (he left Island Records and signed a multi-million dollar contract with EMI on the strength of "Addicted To Love") was quick to see the potential profit in sequel clips. "I Didn't Mean To Turn You On" didn't do quite as well as "Addicted To Love", despite the reappearance of Donovan's models; however, last year's "Simply Irresistible" proved to be third time lucky and was the biggest single of the Australian chart year.

"That to me is everything but them not having their clothes on," says Saul Schtein about the clip for "Simply Irresistible." "It's an acceleration of puberty — under the shower wearing neoprene nothings. It's a thin sheet of rubber between what's G-rated and what's AO."



Ticket sales boomed earlier this year when it was widely reported that the girls would accompany Palmer on his first tour Down Under, but there were no refunds for disgruntled punters when Palmer's manager, David Harper, announced the models would not be coming.

Palmer has pronounced himself heartily sick of all the attention about "the girls." But he's just completed a Pepsi commercial in which they feature, and plans one final clip — with a twist. After the success of the voluptuous Jessica from *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, the final clip will feature a collection of sexy cartoon characters.

Music video shows would without any doubt be even saucier if it were not for the wide streak of prudishness that runs just beneath the surface of the American image factory. American music clips, particularly those of hard rock and heavy metal bands, abound with images of sexual simulation and dominance. Motley Crue's "Girls, Girls, Girls, Girls", where the band members race around America on hotted-up Harleys checking out each region's sleazier strip joints, is a good case in point. But the Americans rarely seem able to cross the invisible barrier into genuine erotica. The Moral Majority casts its long shadow even into the cable world of *MTV-US*. (Prince is a notable exception, but he has the much less restrictive medium of the movies in which to indulge his particular obsessions).

Australian bands, and indeed Australian *MTV*, don't operate under the same constraints. All Australian commercial TV stations are self-regulating in terms of program classification although they do have to conform to the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal's Television Program Standards.

ABC-TV is not subject even to these, a fact that irks Saul Schtein: "MTV is usually rated PGR, although we have had some AO shows. If you flip over to Channel 2, *Rage*, they seem to have broader guidelines to what they can and can't play. They play stuff that we won't — like Belouis Some."

Two top Australian bands, Machinations and Wa Wa Nee, recently broke through the erotic barrier in a big way. The Machinations' clip "Do It To Me" features graphic simulated sex, footage of female breasts and even shots of tongues stimulating male and female nipples. The clip has received airplay on *MTV, Nightshift* and *Rage*.

Machinations guitarist Tim Doyle recalls the brief for "Do It To Me": "Everyone agreed the song was sleazy anyway and we wanted a hot, steamy, sleazy clip. We wanted lots of flesh, equal proportion male and female, and we wanted sweating in close up and . . erotic, basically."

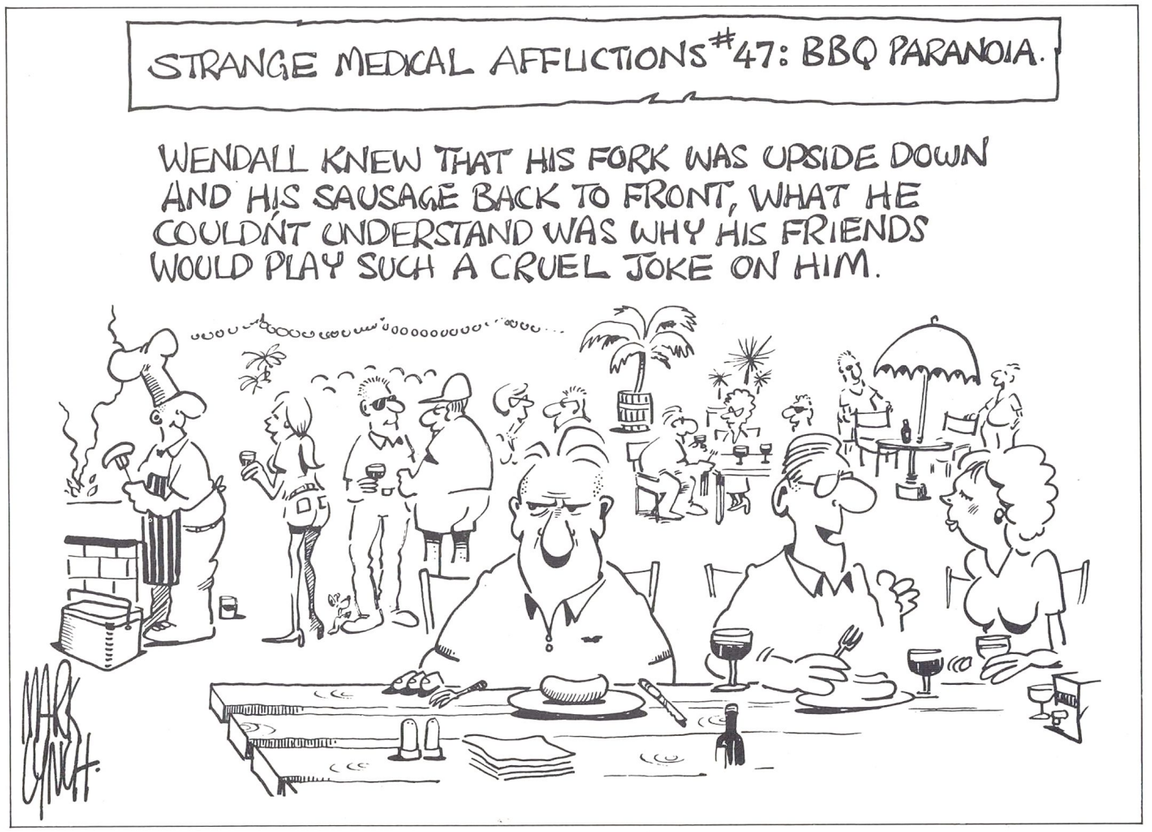
Clipmaker Michael Joy, a newcomer to the field with a background in television commercials, had ideas along the same lines. The clip opens in a small club setting with the band performing on stage and people drifting in affecting a disinterested manner. As the energy of the song works its magic, things get steamier, clothes start coming off and the whole scenario becomes decidely orgiastic.

"A sexual video is a way of getting attention from all quarters," says Tim Doyle. "You might be the biggest bunch of pansies around but if you make an erotic video, the bikies out at the far west inns think it's really marvellous. You've done the manly thing. You don't have to be overtly sexist, you don't have to be masochistic. A nice bit of even-stevens erotica goes down well all round . . ."

Perhaps not surprisingly, the clip will not be part of Machinations manager Jeremy Fabyni's armory when he confronts the American record industry to seek US release for the band's new album. "You can alienate people with it," he says, "but you're not going to convince anyone with it. There's a lot to lose and not much to gain."

Wa Wa Nee have come forward with two highly stylised and erotic videos to support their two new singles, "Can't Control Myself" and "So Good." Produced by Nick Egan, a man whose past credits include the latest Mick Jagger videos as well as the concept design for the INXS *Kick* album, the videos have been readily accepted in the dance clubs.

"Videos have become an important way to present bands," says manager Chris Gilby of MCA Music, "because of the state of radio. The Eagles are the Frank Sinatras of the Eighties and Nineties — radio basi-


STRANGE MEDICAL AFFLICTIONS #47: BBQ PARANOIA.
WENDALL KNEW THAT HIS FORK WAS UPSIDE DOWN AND HIS SAUSAGE BACK TO FRONT, WHAT HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WAS WHY HIS FRIENDS WOULD PLAY SUCH A CRUEL JOKE ON HIM.

cally doesn't want to play young people's music. They're all playing it extremely safe, extremely conservative."

Wa Wa Nee are a group of rather photogenic young men to whom the temptations of the flesh would be no stranger. Their past success has won them Top Ten placing on the charts in Australia as well as overseas and their travels through the States, Europe and England undoubtedly brought them into contact with more than their fair share of young nubiles.

"Most intelligent, young people are into exactly what they were into 20 years ago — healthy, good things like fun and sex," says Gilbey. "With an act like Wa Wa Nee, a very intelligent act who make strong pop music that has a depth not always associated with 'pop' music, when they don't get a look-in from the playsafe radio we have in Australia these days, we have to find other ways to get the music heard."

Rather than take the obvious — and sometimes tacky — angle of a gratuitous nipple or four, and hiring what looks like a ragged group of friends to fondle each other on a thrown together set, Wa Wa Nee have placed big emphasis on the look of each shot — clean, color co-ordinated and, well, sometimes beautiful. Gilbey feels that Wa Wa Nee's videos reflect the difference between eroticism and just plain sex. The band's stance is cautious rather than exploitive of this already sensitive medium.

But, as Gilbey says, "There's nothing at all wrong with a good dose of eroticism taken each day — after meals."

Most large dance clubs and discos have a video screen and erotic clips have proved popular on the dance floor as well as in the lounge room. Melbourne in particular has seen the growth of a thriving dance club scene in recent years. Many millions of dollars have been spent refitting clubs like the spectacular Metro in Bourke St. In clubs like the Underground, Inflation, Chasers, Checkpoint Charlie and Club Chevron (currently undergoing a $14 million refit), a sophisticated video system is almost mandatory. In dance clubs, sex really sells.

But video clips are in essence expensive promotional tools (an average clip costs between $15,000 and $30,000) and the basic task of the record company is to get the clip played on television. As Richard Wilkins puts it, "If they've got naked fucking all the way through then no-one's going to play it. They may have something funny to show their neighbors on a Sunday afternoon — after their career's gone down the gurgler because no-one's played their clip.

"Video directors are pushing the boundaries, technically and morally, which is their prerogative, but ultimately they are being made to be played so they're not going to outrage unnecessarily."

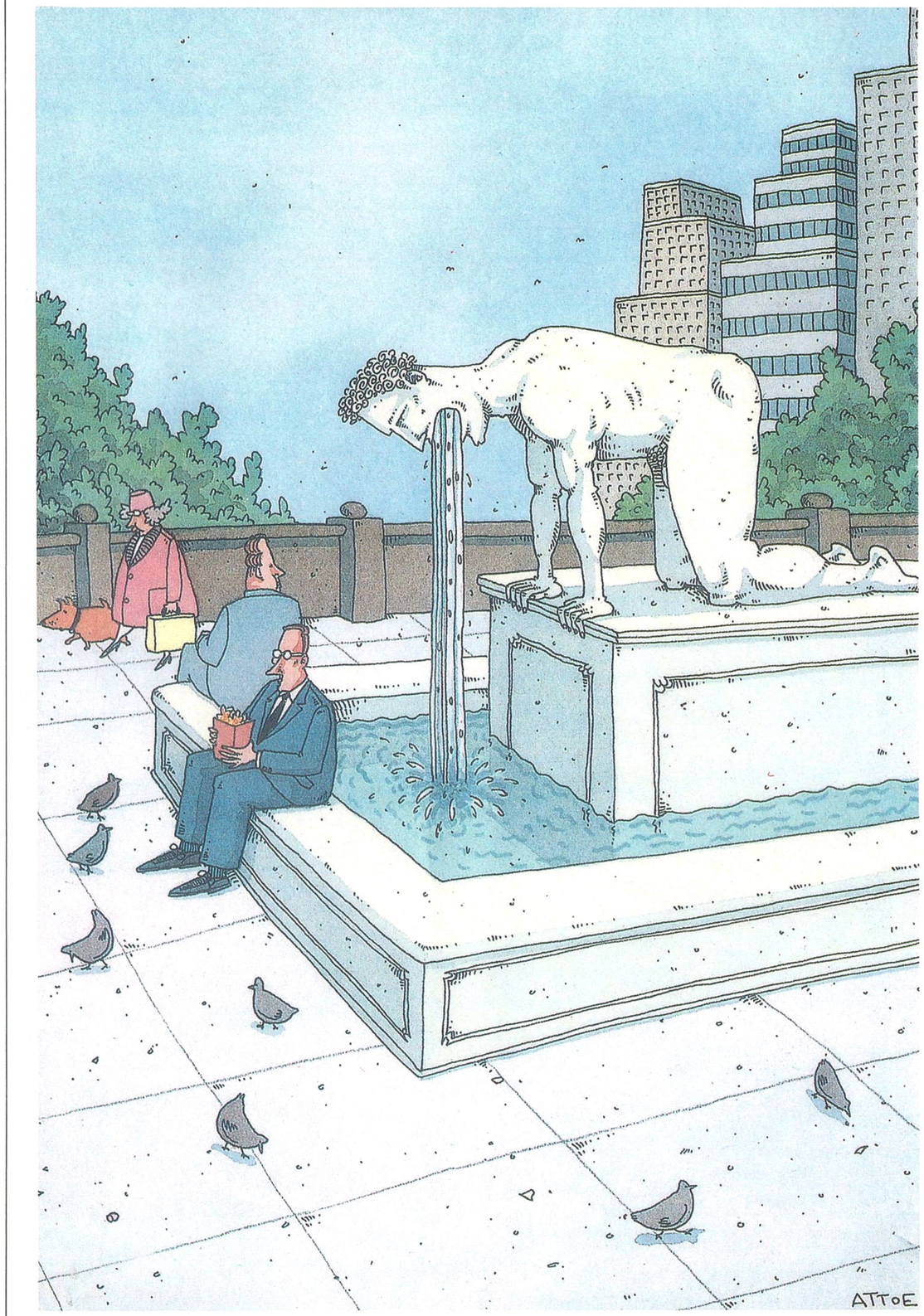
In July 1987, *MTV* conducted a live phone poll on the question: "Is there too much sex in rock videos?" They invited the Reverend Fred Nile to express his opinion, which was basically this: "There's not much emphasis on family life, marriage, virginity or chastity in the rock videos I've seen."

According to *MTV's* Saul Schtein, that phone poll triggered nearly 60,000 responses, almost one-third of which said yes, there was too much sex in rock videos. But interestingly enough the Broadcasting Tribunal, which fields viewers' complaints about commercial television programming, received only one complaint about a rock video in 1988. And that was about a clip broadcast on *Hey Hey It's Saturday*.

"It's important in these days when people are so paranoid about herpes and AIDS that people don't steer away from sex," says Jeremy Fabinyi. "We can't afford to let the Fred Niles of the world take advantage of this situation and create their own agenda. The solution is not total abstinence. I don't think that anyone in their wildest dreams would suggest that what we are doing is in any way irresponsible or encouraging people to have children out of wedlock or to contract deadly diseases.

"It's the Fred Niles of the world who are refusing to encourage sex education and sexual understanding who are the ones who are to blame for all these problems — not the George Michaels and Machinations, who are being honest and truthful about what's going on."

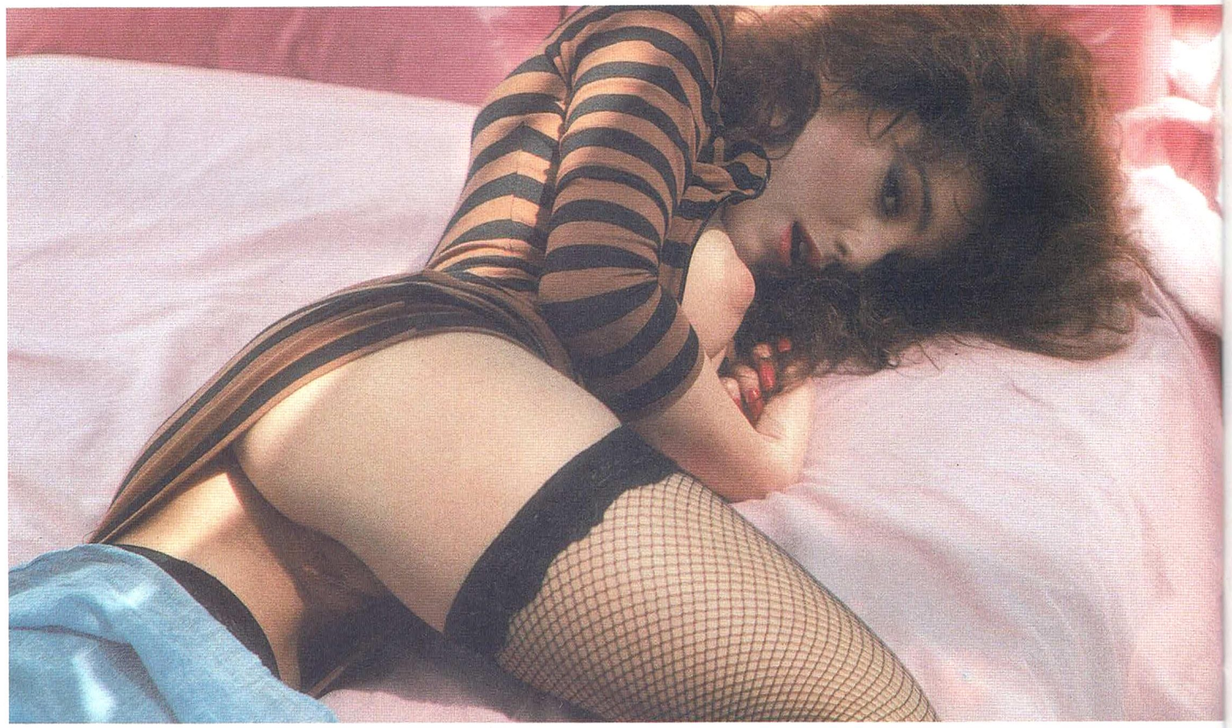
"You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

HIGH SIERRA

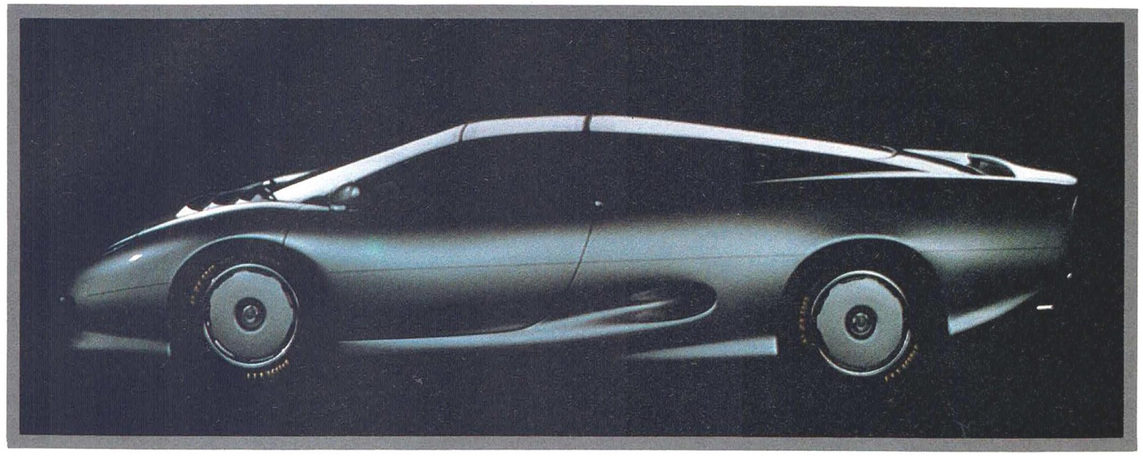
Sherry Sierra has a background you could politely call colorful. She's experienced her fair share of ups and downs. "I've been chauffeured in a Rolls Royce down Hollywood Boulevard, and I've been flat broke in Europe with nothing but the pack on my back. But just lately, I've been peaking again."



The reason for Sherry's latest high, she says, is her newfound success in the modelling world. "I've been told I can expect *Penthouse* to be the start of some big things."

"There's nothing like success to perk up the sex life. After a day or so in front of the camera, I'm ready for fun and games. I'd recommend it to anyone."

supercar showdown



MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

Keeping up with the Joneses is getting tougher as we draw closer to the age of the million-dollar sporting supercar. The numbers of rich kids on the block must be growing, as demand for exclusive, frighteningly-fast, obscenely-priced symbols of class and wealth is running at unprecedented levels.

And more and more car makers are leaping into the auto upper stratosphere. Everyone, it appears, wants to create his own ultimate sports car.

For the moment though, the benchmarks are the two very different cars produced by Maranello and Zuffenhausen. Ferrari and Porsche. The nameplates ooze status, demand an extraordinarily large financial commitment, and command respect, even deference.

Currently each has one of the greatest production sports cars ever made.

The Ferrari F40 and Porsche 959 are members of the exclusive over 300 km/h club. More impressively, they're marvels of the genre, wondrous machines that have blasted into areas of stunning technology and performance not long ago confronted by Formula One. Some of their technology, in fact, owes more to NASA than Motown.

The Italians' clearly-defined challenge was to build the world's fastest road-going sports car. The Germans had ambitions of a different, perhaps more noble kind. Porsche set out to create a powerful car that, in a whole range of weather conditions and on all road surfaces, was a pussy cat in the hands of any driver.

A two-car racetrack showdown between the superstar supercars driven by two accomplished race drivers has answered the most basic of questions: which machine is the quicker?

Ferrari's own Fiorano test track was the venue for the high noon; Formula One's Gerhard Berger and sports car racing's multi-millionaire owner-driver Walter Brun were the human guinea pigs. Each man drove both cars. There could be no favoritism. And at the end there was no doubting the winner. On speed alone, it was the F40.

The argument could not end there of course. Had conditions been damp or awash, the result could have been very different with the Porsche's four-wheel-drive logically excelling in more trying situations. The truth is that each car has, quite magnificently, reached its design objectives.

The 325 km/h F40 is an unabashed racing car masquerading behind street guise. Twin-turbo almost-3.0-litre engine, firm suspension, huge vented brakes and no-compromise cockpit are straight out of Le Mans. So are the steamroller tyres — 8-inch wide fronts, 13-inch wide rears. They are at least treaded.

The F40's goal is to thrill, not pander. Noise insulation is non-existent. There are no door handles inside, just weight-saving rope. Missing too is one of the basic offerings of a motor car of the Eighties, a sound system. Ferrari hasn't even bothered to provide for one — it couldn't be heard above the roar of the exhaust.

On the other hand, the Porsche is more civilised, with comfort items such as electrically-adjustable seats as part of the unholy price tag. The 959 is also 485 kilograms heavier than the lightweight, if spartan 1100-kilo Ferrari. That weight obviously proved a handicap in the racetrack shootout.

The twin-turboed flat-six 2849cc Porsche engine develops 335 kW, with 501 Nm of torque; it's impressive enough and capable of propelling the 959 to 200 km/h in 13.3 seconds, on to a top whack of 315 km/h.

The Ferrari enjoys a power and torque advantage. Not a lot, but enough. Also with two turbochargers, and at 2936cc slightly larger in capacity, the F40's V8 pumps out 356 kW and 578 Nm of torque. These figures lose nothing to Dick Johnson's racing Ford Sierra. The F40, says Ferrari, will accelerate from rest to 200 km/h in 12 seconds.

The aforementioned Mr Berger asserts that the F40 could be lethal in the hands of anyone but a racing driver. Once, driving along a freeway at 175 km/h, he nailed the throttle to the floor . . . and very nearly spun

Porsche or Ferrari? A test-track high noon decides which is the fastest — for now.

into the guardrail when the wheels began spinning furiously. Oh, it wasn't raining either.

Tales such as this, and a whopping $700,000 price tag, haven't stopped the mega-buck aficionados mounting an undignified scramble for the ultimate Ferrari. Originally, 400 were to be made. Now production has been doubled.

Though not as quick at the Ferrari, the Porsche is the more interesting car. Its bold and futuristic technology won't be out of kilter with the 21st Century. A speed-dependent and adjustable ride height control system allows the driver to set ground clearance between 120mm and 180mm. But at cruising speeds the 959 automatically lowers itself to reduce drag, save fuel and improve cornering performance.

Just 200 of the left-hand-drive Porsche 959s were manufactured. Two are owned by Australians. Landed price here is about $560,000.

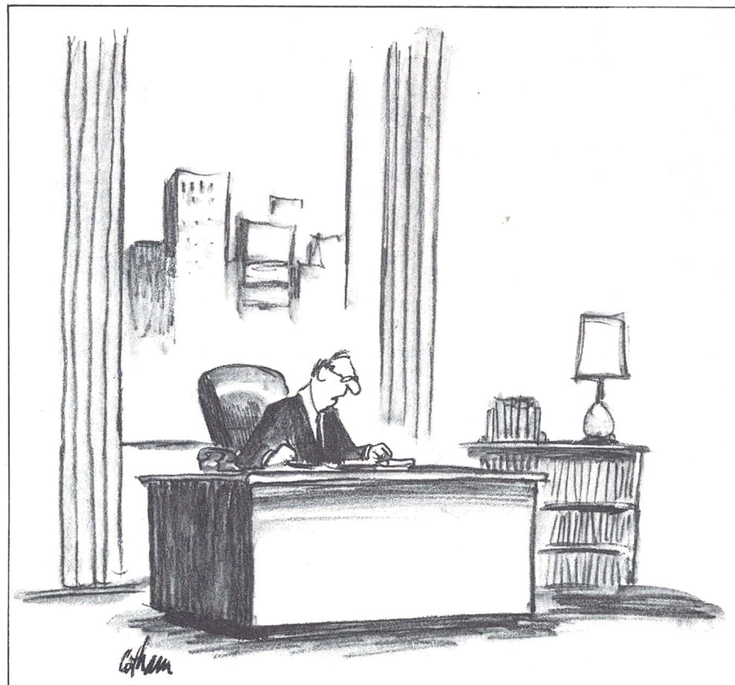
Now to the challengers — those who aspire to the lofty position occupied by the F40 and 959.

Jaguar has served notice of intent, releasing details of a slippery exotic destined to be the world's fastest sports car. That's if it proceeds; its future will be decided before the end of '89. The car, designated XJ220, leans on Jaguar's experience with its Le Mans-winning rockets, employing ground effect aerodynamics to glue the constant four-wheel-drive 350 km/h lightning bolt to the road. The limited-edition super-Cat will be powered by a newly-developed 6.0-litre 48-valve 480 kW (644 horsepower) version of the long-service V12.

Jaguar is talking of a projected production run of 280. Price, in England, a mere 400,000 pounds. For Oz . . . a million plus.

The Japanese threat can't be underestimated. Keen to capitalise on its Formula One dominance, Honda has naked ambitions to climb the Ferrari-Porsche pedestal. Its mid-engined NS-X will hit the market in 1990, attempting to invade territory occupied by the Italians and Germans. With its dramatic appearance and appealing mechanical configuration, the Honda is already attracting much pre-release acclaim. It eschews four-wheel drive and turbochargers, opting instead for the classical solution of a naturally-aspirated 3.0-litre 24-valve V6.

The NS-X, the most overtly sporty car to emerge from Japan, accelerates from standstill to 100 km/h in under six seconds and tops 250 km/h. It's not as fast as either the F40 or the 959, but Honda claims it to be far more docile than its competitors, more appropriate for everyday use. And it will have price on its side. While the Honda will be the most expensive Japanese car ever in Australia, where the tag will jump into six figures, it will comprehensively undercut the Europeans.



"That was my wife on the phone, Miss Leflore. Would you please have the fire department sent to my home address?"

Two recent visitors to Australia, Nissan's Mid4 and Mitsubishi's HSR show cars, are said to be the blueprints for low-volume supercars expected in the near future.

The second-generation Mid4 has been designed and engineered to deliver performance expected by the lucky sods who can do more than lust after F40s and 959s. The centrally-located twin-turboed 3.0-litre V6 Nissan engine ladles out 240 kW via constant four-wheel drive and viscous limited slip differentials. Four-wheel anti-skid systems and four-wheel steering give the Nissan an all-round on-road competence commensurate with its speed potential.

The HSR (High Speed Research), powered by a modified version of the turbocharged 16-valve 2.0-litre engine from the Galant, has been clocked at speeds in excess of 300 km/h. It showcases plenty of exciting technology: full-time four-wheel drive, four-wheel steering, anti-lock braking, and electronically-controlled fully independent suspension.

The HSR vehicle is valued at $2 million. Hopefully, if and when it reaches production, that figure might lose a nought.

From Italy comes the sizzling Cizeta-Moroder, the creation of a group of ex-Lamborghini engineers. Another 300 km/h flyer, it is viewed as a valid successor to the stunning Countach. Lavishly equipped but with mindblowing performance, the rakish Cizeta is powered by a 64-valve V16 pumping out 417 kW. Production is 25 units a year.

March, the British-based bunch of rev-headed boffins responsible for some extremely successful racetrack blasters all the way to Formula One, is working on an exclusive mid-engined wild one in the mould of the Porsche and Ferrari bullion-biters. At this stage down the evolutionary path it's no more than a one-fifth scale model, but the trumps at March are confident it'll make the big leap to full production, maybe as soon as 1991.

The final shape is still fluid only on account of indecision about what size engine will ultimately power the March creation, crassly tagged Scar (an abbreviation of supercar). Under consideration are V8, V10 and V12 engines. A road-going version of the 3.5-litre V8 grand prix engine that propels the Leyton March F1 cars would have some marketing benefits. Whatever the ultimate choice it will be transversely mounted in the nigh-obligatory supercar location — mid-rear, behind the driver's ear — driving the rear wheels.

A monocoque chassis, built principally from aluminium honeycomb and a range of lightweight composites, is under development by a hi-tech associate research company called Comtec.

The daunting prospect for March and other aspirants seeking a niche in supercar heaven is that nothing stands still. Right now, in Zuffenhausen and Maranello, automotive genius is at work on the next generation from Porsche and Ferrari.

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COUP

Continued from page 39

would be divided into groups, one under each of Drummond's mercenaries, and the show would get on the road. The primary targets were Mahe's key military installations, the homes of Rene and his main supporters, communications centres, hospitals, police stations, embassies and the like. Starting time was set for about 1am and the entire operation was to be over about six hours later when the first commercial airliner arrived at Mahe's airport that morning.

Mancham and his entourage were due in on that plane, according to Drummond. Prerecorded video and radio messages of the former Prez announcing his imminent return were to have already been broadcast once the lads had secured the local communications facilities.

It all sounds terribly clear-cut on paper. But there are such difficulties as Rene's reputed North Korean bodyguards — a matter which was not lost on the Federal Police who later questioned Drummond.

What, they asked, had he intended doing about them?

"Physically contain them, whatever way possible."

"What would you have done," asked the police, "if these persons resisted with weapons to protect their President?"

"Resist it," replied Drummond. Easy.

Meanwhile, the piggy bank wasn't looking too healthy. Drummond had done a costing for his coup and came up with $700,000. All salaries for the mercenaries had to be up front: 50 percent of it three months in advance, the rest one week before. That way, if someone didn't come back the money would be safe at home with their family.

A tentative date was set for about July 1986.

Despite the no-frills costing — somewhat short of the millions expended on Hoare's embarrassing flop — Drummond's bill was apparently too much for the cut-price backers he was dealing with.

"It was not only a matter of the funds not coming [through in time] but the costs having to come down too." Drummond shakes his head in disbelief. "I said, 'You can't do it for under $300,000.'" The coup was postponed while Drummond rejuggled his figures and the financiers searched under their mattresses again.

He had booked himself for a reconnaissance trip to the Seychelles about May or June. He had intended flying to Bali under his own name, returning straight away on a false passport and then heading off for the Seychelles. He was to return via Bali, switch passports and arrive back in Melbourne as planned after a ten-day "holiday."

Drummond rebooked his reconnaissance trip for September 23, rescheduled the coup for about October and cut down the number of "mates" he'd need to about five or six. With a bit of scrimping and saving he got the costs down to between $450,000 and $580,000.

But he was getting rattled. Were these people serious?

In time, NSW police would give a different explanation for any uneasiness Drummond was feeling. They would later allege that he'd pulled off a little spot of murder — to wit, one Adrian Peter Maurice Kay, the co-owner of the Kings Cross hotel where Drummond had first been introduced to Sanford.

Drummond, for his part, says that he not only didn't kill Kay — he's got a jury's not guilty verdict to back him up — but he never even met him. Adrian Kay was one of the more colorful characters around Kings Cross, with his canary-colored Rolls Royce and penchant for the high life on a low-life budget. His body, with two holes in the chest and one in the head, was found in the office above his hotel one night late in May 1986. The drinkers below had apparently heard nothing.

The murder caused some small sensation, coming as it did amidst a series of Sydney underworld hits, but from what Drummond could tell, it had little impact on the coup crowd, some of whom were sup-

Continued on page 144

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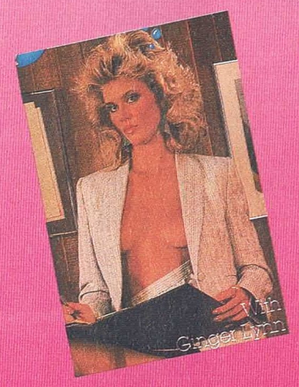

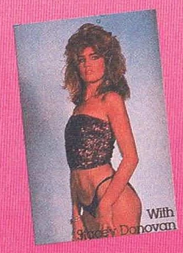

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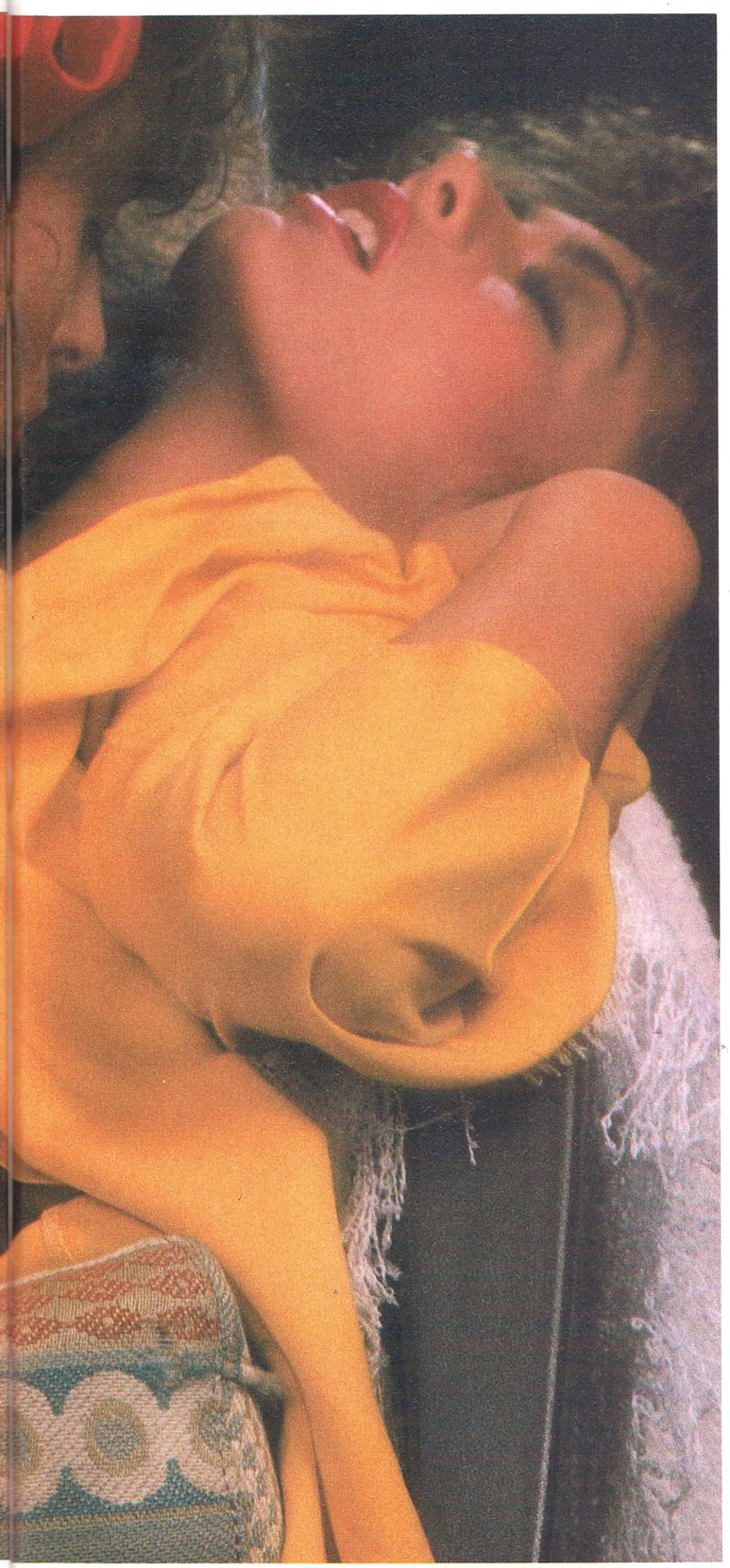
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

chasing the train

Tracey and Carla had been taking the train together for weeks. Tracey was a school teacher and Carla managed a pet shop. Although they appeared as different as night and day, the two discovered they had more in common than just a long journey.



The hassle of suburban commuting is enough to leave anyone's nerves in a frazzle, yet these two women found a very simple way to ease each other's tension.

SWEET & SOUR

Some women aren't worth fighting for

Until the girl came we were pretty good mates. I first met Aldo in 1948 when he came to Australia on the immigration scheme, one of thousands of Italians who ended up in North Queensland after sweating out his two years for the government. He couldn't speak a lot of English when I first met him and some of the roughnecks who labelled all immigrants "Bloody Balts" or "Wogs" gave him a hard time — him and plenty of others.

Including me, if it came to that; but I was used to it, copped it all my life.

We were young and full of sap and I supposed it was because we were both a bit different that we started knocking about together. I taught him Aussie-English and he taught me Italian. Up North, it's a handy lingo to know, especially around the Sugar Coast.

We travelled up through Sugar Country, working the mills at first and finally getting into the cutting. That's where the real money was. Cane-cutters, like shearers, are a tight-knit group and once you're in you become one of the gang; it doesn't make any difference where you come from

FICTION BY JAMES KEITH

ILLUSTRATION BY CAMERON SINGLETON

or anything else. You're accepted anywhere in Sugar Country, and that suited both of us.

We made a packet between us, and although Aldo sent regular money back to his people in Italy, one off-season we discovered we had enough to buy an old Ford truck. We carted timber for the sawmills and when that stopped we carried anything and everything from the coast out to The Isa and beyond.

We were partners in business, mates in life. We shared everything, from tobacco to the occasional woman, but they were few and far between. Don't get me wrong, we were red-blooded enough and got our share but there was never anything serious.

And suddenly the carrying business took off like a rocket. Everyone and his brother wanted something transported around the backblocks now that production was getting back into full swing after the War. We became Kookaburra Carriers — "Ship With Us And You're Laughing." (You still didn't put a foreign-sounding name up-front on your business at that time if you could help it.) I was often taken for an Italian because by now I could toss the lingo around pretty well. Aldo, having picked up my accent and slang, was just as often mistaken for an Aussie so it worked out pretty good. We had a bright future in '51-'52, Aldo and me.

Then Carla came along.

Dark-eyed, warm-skinned, from Southern Italy, she said — Aldo's old stamping ground. She was a waitress in the Commercial pub in the town where we had our headquarters. Blokes lined up with their tongues hanging out just to get a look at her: business boomed in the Commercial's dining room.

It wasn't long before Aldo moved in and as soon as he started speaking Italian, he was home and hosed. They were inseparable for the next few weeks. No sharing this one: she was strictly Aldo's property. I was jealous of her taking up so much of his time, but tried not to show it. Then one night he hit me for a six.

"Jack, best thing I ever done was migrate to this country. First a bloody good mate in you, we've worked up a decent business and now I've found the woman I want to marry."

What the hell could I say?

But he needed to get primed with a few rums before he popped the question. Carla was off-duty and he wanted to surprise her. He even wanted me to go along for backup, but after his third double, ignoring his protests that he still needed more Dutch courage, I pointed him in the direction of her room.

"Go and get it over with," I told him, sour about the whole damn thing.

I sank a couple more and then went out on to the pub verandah where a few of the local sheilas were teasing some of the randy drinkers. I spotted a little blonde bit who worked at the pub part-time, slapped on a king-size grin, tucked in my yellow-and-green shirt and sauntered across. I had enough rum under my belt to think about bracing her.

"Fancy a stroll along the river? I can get a bottle of somethin'."

She turned slowly, smiling. Then saw me and straightened her face. "Piss off! Who the hell you think you are puttin' the hard word on me like that!" She turned to a small group of drinkers. "Hey, Ginger, this mug's botherin' me."

Ginger was a walking tree, redhaired, freckles from scalp to toenails, and half-sloshed. I wasn't in the mood to take any crap from him or anyone else that night. So when he spread a big hand against my chest and shoved hard, saying, "Scram, Jacky!" I shoved back. That did it. He came in swinging. I rammed the top of my head into his face. I felt his nose go. He sat down, blinking stupidly, bleeding.

> Just a flash of thigh or a glimpse of pale breast could make a man's breath catch in the back of his throat. Mine did.

Then just as his mates started to move in on me, Aldo appeared, grabbed my arm and shoved me off the verandah.

"Run, you silly cow!"

We ran all right. Ran till the wild shouts behind us gradually dwindled and our lungs were bursting. We stopped on the edge of town, fighting to get our breaths back.

"Big mistake tacklin' a mongrel like Ginger, Jack!"

"Tell me somethin' I dunno." That kind of thing had been getting me into strife all my life. You'd think I'd have learned better by now. "How'd you go with Carla?"

His face was like granite in the flare of the match I held to his cigarette. "That was a mistake, too, mate. Bitch!"

I was shocked but kind of pleased, too. "What happened?" But he refused to talk about it and I had to let it go.

Next day, he took a long haul out into the backblocks — said he needed to get away from town for a few days. Fair enough. I made a few small deliveries around town, stopped for lunch at a pub on the northern outskirts. I was surprised to find Carla working there. She jumped when I spoke to her.

"Oh, Jack! You give me fright!" Her English wasn't as good as Aldo's but she had a nice easy-on-the-ear voice. She was easy on the eyes too, in that tight uniform, the top button undone, showing a hint of cleavage. You've got to remember that this was in the days before the Permissive Society and the all-revealing centrefold, so just a flash of thigh or a glimpse of pale breast could make a man's breath catch in the back of his throat. Mine did. "I have a break in about ten minutes. Meet me by the showers, eh?"

I waited in the shade of the tankstand and she came out just as I finished a cigarette. No-one knew anything about lung cancer in those days, either. Carla was nervous, white teeth tugging at her meaty underlip, long eyelashes lowered.

"Aldo — he found another man in my room, Jacky."

"Hell!"

"No, no, Jacky, not like you think! . . . I try to explain to Aldo, but he didn't give me a chance!" She became agitated and suddenly her English went out the window and she exploded into rapid-fire Italian, with lots of jerky hand gestures. Thanks to Aldo's teachings I was able to pick up nearly all of it.

A commercial traveller — a regular at the pub — had made a pass at her while she was waiting tables. Carla knocked him back but he followed her to her room and brought along a couple of pairs of nylon stockings — scarce as hen's teeth at that time. Naturally, she'd wanted them but the bloke expected more than just a kiss and a cuddle in return. They'd been struggling on the bed when Aldo had walked in and got the wrong idea.

"So the publican gave you the bullet rather than lose the salesman's custom, eh?"

She frowned. "How you understand my Italian, Jacky?"

"Aldo taught me." I grinned and switched to Italian and we carried on a brief conversation until she laughed. No more tears now. She clung to my right arm, hugging tightly.

"You good for me, Jacky. With your coloring and the way you speak the language, you could be mistaken for Italian."

"Have been, plenty of times. Listen, I'll try to explain to Aldo when he gets back." Not that I wanted to really, but he was my mate and if she was what he wanted . . .

Carla seemed dubious, said he was too hot tempered to understand, but I told her I'd give it a go.

But Aldo wasn't due back for another couple of days. I went out to see Carla whenever I could because she seemed so unhappy and worried and I wanted to cheer her up. We went out once or twice. Then one night out by the creek things got out of hand somehow and before I knew what was happening, she wasn't Aldo's girl any more.

I'd never had a woman of my own before, so I was walking on air. Carla was worried that Aldo would blow his top — would say things to hurt us both, maybe start swinging. I didn't know how he would react. All I knew

"I won't catch mercury, will I?"

was it was up to me to tell him.

When I did lay it on the line, he stared at me for a long time, frowning. Then he shook his head. "She tell you I caught her with a bloke in her room?"

I said she had and told him Carla's version. His mouth tightened. "She was *straddlin'* him on the bed, mate. That sound like he was forcin' himself on her?"

My hands clenched into fists. "Leave it, eh?"

"Don't be a mug, mate. You'll get hurt."

"I said to bloody leave it!"

For the next few days we only spoke to each other when it had something to do with work. Two nights later, I got all dolled up like a pox doctor's clerk to take Carla to a dance at the Progress Hall. I put on my best purple shirt and red silk neck scarf, Brylcreemed the old thatch and went to the pub to pick her up.

She was a knockout in a white peasant blouse, green skirt and red cummerbund. I felt pretty damn proud walking down the street with her on my arm. Blokes at the dance kept trying to cut in — something they'd picked up from the Yanks during the War — but I shoved them all away. She was *my* girl. Let 'em find their own.

There was no booze allowed in the dancehall, but nearly everyone had a bottle and slipped outside for a nip or two. I'd brought a flat pint of gin and after we'd downed about half of it we left the dance and went strolling by the creek. We weren't strolling for long and after we finished the gin, started on each other. Just as things were getting really interesting, Ginger and a couple of his mates turned up, drunk as lords and spoiling for trouble.

"Well well well, whatta we got here? King Bloody Jacko and his moll, eh? Gonna share it around, darlin'?"

I jumped up and as my belt was already undone, ripped it through the trouser loops and quickly wrapped it about my right hand, leaving about ten inches of leather with the brass buckle dangling. I pushed Carla behind me.

"Get back to the pub!"

She took off like a rabbit into the night. Ginger stooped and straightened, laughing as he held up her panties. "Ooooh, look what I found!"

I went for him, belt swinging. But he was ready and parried the blow, hooked me in the ribs. Then they had me surrounded and I knew whatever way it turned out I was in for a hiding. I managed to land one on Ginger's nose. Then someone pinned my arms and it got bloody willing for a few minutes. Fists and boots mauled me. They tore my shirt to shreds, calling me a two-bob cowboy lair and a lot worse. My lips were mashed. One eye closed. My ribs caved in and my legs buckled under me.

I was on my way out when I heard a fresh lot of yelling and cursing and suddenly all three were hurled aside.

"Get out of it you bloody dingoes!" Aldo was swinging a tree branch, knocking them down like skittles. He kicked Ginger in the balls and his mates lost no time in dragging him away. Aldo flung the branch after them and got me down to the creek. He wiped my face with a wet handkerchief.

"That eye looks bad. You'd better see a quack, mate."

My mouth was puffed up, causing me to slur my words. "Wanna make sure Carla got back to the pub all right."

"She'll have made it. You need stitches for that eye."

I grabbed his arm. My eye was hurting like hell, wouldn't stop bleeding. "Make sure she's okay, mate."

Aldo stiffened. "Sorry, Jack. Not me."

"Hell, she won't bite." But he kept shaking his head, tight-lipped. "All right, I'll do it me bloody self!" But my legs would hardly hold me and in the end, when he saw how concerned I was, agreed to go, after he took me down to the hospital.

A doctor put five stitches in the cut above my eye and strapped up my ribs. He made me take some sort of pain-killer and I passed out as soon as I fell across my bed.

It was daylight when I came round, feeling as if I'd fallen into a cane crusher. I'd missed breakfast so I sluiced cold water into my face and stumbled along to Aldo's room. He took a long time to answer the door and when he did, it was like looking into a mirror. One of his eyes was blackened and swollen. His face was cut and bruised, lopsided with swellings, long red weals down one side.

"Run into Ginger's mates on my way to the pub." He touched the scratched side of his face. "One of 'em hit me with a bit of wood that had nails in it. Might get a tetanus shot later to be on the safe side . . . You were out like a light when I got back last night. You okay?"

"More or less. You see Carla?"

He seemed to hesitate, then nodded jerkily. "Yeah. She's okay. Said to tell you she'd be workin' someone else's shift as well as her own today so can't see you till tomorrow night."

I couldn't wait that long. Aldo took the ute to make some deliveries to the farms, so I drove the big Ford out to the pub where Carla worked. She wasn't downstairs so I went up to her room, passing Ginger's blonde piece in the hall. Someone had hung one on her, given her a black eye and a split lip. I leered and she called me a couple of nasty names. I laughed.

But the laughter stopped abruptly when Carla opened her door and I saw her face. Both eyes blackened, lips cut, finger bruises on her neck. I just had time to take it all in and then she was in my arms, sobbing. It took me a long time to get the story out of her, partly in English, mostly in Italian.

Aldo had done it. He'd arrived just after she'd taken a shower, walked in when she was wearing only a towel. I'd smelled booze on his breath down at the creek and maybe that was some excuse for what he did but it wasn't good enough. Not by a long shot. He'd tried to take up with her where he'd left off, wouldn't even stop when she'd kept telling him she was my woman now.

"Stay here!" I could hardly force the words through my gritted teeth. I saw the world through a red haze as I tore out of the room.

Running down the passage, I heard her call out — in good, clear English with a trace of Aussie accent: "Get him for me, Jacky! Get the bastard real good!"

I'd get him all right. I'd bloody kill him!

When I saw the ute coming, I sent the big Ford booming down the middle of the road like a runaway tank. He hit the brakes, slewing wildly, dust exploding from under the locked wheels. I leapt out, almost tearing the door off the ute, reaching in to punch him in the kisser, kept punching insanely until he belted me one in the strapped-up ribs.

"The bloody hell you think you're doin'!"

"You rotten bludger! Couldn't bear to think she preferred me to you, could you?"

He looked like a stunned-mullet. "What the hell are you talkin' about?"

"I'm talkin' about *you* — rapin' Carla!"

It was just as if I'd hit him with a right hook. "That what she told you? Look, mate, she tried to get me into bed — Jesus, will you quit trying to knock my block off for a minute! Mate, she *has* to get married. Things're a bit better with that sort of thing since the War but not a hell of a lot. It's still a stigma, especially for a single Italian girl. That's why she was keen to latch on to me, good Italian boy with a bright future, would've saved her a lot of shame and disgrace. Then after I caught her with that salesman, her on top and enjoyin' it, she switched to you. You're just as good a catch as me as far as she's concerned. You can even pass for Italian." He tried to put a hand on my arm but I jerked away. "You were an easy mark for her, mate, because of your . . ."

I swung at him but he blocked it easily. "Listen, damn you! She wanted to get back at me, that's why she told you . . ."

But I was through listening and I saw the fear leap into his eyes as he realised I was out of control. He slammed the door into me, sent me sprawling. By the time I'd jumped up, he was roaring away down the road in the ute. I ran to the Ford and flung myself behind the wheel, tearing after him, mad with the lust to kill. The truck was in much better shape than the ute and I soon gained on him, drew alongside and slammed into his driving door. The ute swerved. I rammed him again. It canted wildly, wheels lifting. It thudded back on to an even keel, but we were off the road now, careering across the country, bouncing, bashing, slewing.

I tail-gated him mercilessly, trying to overturn him. I wasn't sane in those moments. I hit a bump, lost control, had a real fight on my hands with the bucking wheel. When I'd straightened out, Aldo was back on the road, heading away from town. I thundered after him, closed the gap rapidly as we headed into a curve.

Then the big semi, loaded with cattle, came brawling into the bend, doing about 60, horn blaring, blotting out the landscape.

I stood on the brakes, screaming Aldo's name in an instant of abrupt sanity that came way, way too late.

He didn't have a chance. Afterwards, they told me I couldn't possibly have heard his scream. But I heard it all right. I still hear it occasionally when it jars me out of a sweating nightmare . . .

After they'd taken away what was left of Aldo, the big cop sauntered across to where I sat morosely on the Ford's running-board. He'd just been talking with the semi-driver.

"You're gonna have to live with this, Darrow . . . Shit, you must've been mad, a half-caste like you messing about with a white sheila, specially a slut like that Carla . . . Aw, don't like me talking about her like that, eh? Listen, mate, you might've thought all your birthdays had come at once when she turned it on for you, but she's been doing it with every Tom, Dick and Harry all along . . . I've got a sheet on her long as your arm. Folks in Italy sent her to relations in Innisfail, but they finished up kicking her out. Causes trouble wherever she goes. Only last night, she and that bottleblonde barmaid got into a real ding-dong blue over some traveller at the pub. Seems she knew him at the Commercial, tried to muscle-in because she was feeling a bit randy. Clawed each other up well and bloody truly — I'm kicking 'em both out of town this arvo." He paused. "You, too, after the hearing. Should've done it long ago and saved everyone a lot of trouble. You've had a pretty good run for someone with a touch of the tarbrush. Think yourself lucky."

I suppose I was lucky in a way. They only charged me with reckless driving, fined me and took away my licence for six months. The carrying business was washed-up long before that time, of course. I sold the truck and sent the money to Aldo's people in Italy.

I never saw Carla again, nor ever heard what happened to the bitch.

It was all a long time ago. Nowadays, I'm into cheap plonk and a little grass and Land Rights. I'm one of the professional demos The Brothers call on when they want to stir up a little strife for media coverage. I look pretty good on television, like a real wild-feller black just in from west of The Alice. I get arrested regularly.

I don't care, though. Couldn't give a stuff. Haven't for a long time now. I've got no-one, no woman, no tribe, no mates. I lost the best mate I ever had but I try not to think about that.

Yet I can't stop thinking about it, not even after all these years.

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FILM

AND ALONG CAME JONES . . . AGAIN

Hang on to your hats and horsewhips — moviedom's best-looking archaeologist is back and, you guessed it, once again up to the seat of his brown corduroys in buttock-clenching action and adventure. In **Indiana Jones And The Last Crusade**, Harrison Ford returns to star, this time alongside Sean Connery in the role of Dr Henry Jones, Indy's venerable dad. Irish actress Allison Doody debuts as Dr Elsa Schneider, the attractive female squeal factor.

The action takes place in 1938, which puts it two years after the high jinks of the *Lost Ark* caper and three years down the track from Indiana's penetration of the *Temple Of Doom*. So it is an older, if no less sticky-situation-prone archaeologist who pursues this adventure through Colorado, New York, Austria, Venice and some place called the Republic of Hatay.

The Last Crusade once again teams George Lucas (as executive producer) and Steven Spielberg (director). Denholm Elliott, John Rhys-Jones, Julian Glover and Michael Byrne also feature in the cast.

At first glance, **Warlock** (directed by Steve Miner) looks to have what it takes to deliver a slick, high-action, whizzbang-special effects supernatural thriller. A very hip and glamorous trio — Julian Sands (*Room With A View),* Richard E. Grant (*Withnail & I*) and Lori Singer (*Footloose*) — star in this tale of devilish doings set in two centuries. Beyond that first glance, however, lies only a diabolically awful film.

The story opens lushly and promisingly in Massachusetts circa 1690 as God-fearing townsfolk prepare to execute a warlock (Sands) by means of both hanging and burning at the stake over a basket of cats. Yea verily, the kero will never hit the kitties, for with much thunder and lightning the warlock is loosed by Satan and transported down through the centuries to modern day Los Angeles. There, after sundry mayhem and mutilation, he learns through a channeller that his task is to reunite scattered sections of the Grand Grimoire, the Devil's Bible, which, when all together, will allow Satan to get on with the Destruction Of Everything.

Enter stage right Giles Redferne (Grant) — a witch hunter who has also travelled through time (though just how we'll never know). Redferne teams up with trendy spunkrat Kassandra (Singer), a waitress who has fallen victim to one of the warlock's deadly spells, and together they chase their quarry around the countryside. Will they break the spell? Will the warlock reunite the Grand Grimoire and end the world?

More to the point, is this film supposed to be funny, and how did such a terrible script ever make it into production? Very much a case of bubble, bubble, not worth the trouble.

In **Clean And Sober** Michael Keaton (*Beetlejuice*) proves once again that he's an actor to watch. Not that many will be racing out to watch this one, sensitively written and acted though it is. As the title suggests, *Clean And Sober* is about getting straight and the strength needed to face the facts of our own weakness. Light escapist fare it ain't.

The story centres on manic real estate salesman Daryl Poynter (Keaton), one hell of a messed up guy who's fiddled a lot of company money and thrown it away on dodgy stock investments and cocaine. We meet Poynter as he wakes to take a couple of wheeler dealer phone calls and a few lines of breakfast toot. When he offers a line to the woman who has shared his bed she doesn't respond, having had the bad form to suffer a cocaine-induced heart attack during the night. Hospital, police and a goodly nudge of the booze bottle later, Poynter has the plot-convenient brainstorm of checking himself into a rehab centre, not to cure his addictions but rather to lay low until the heat subsides. That, as they say, is where the story really starts . . .

In the tradition of *Days Of Wine And Roses* and *Lost Weekend, Clean And Sober* is a commendably honest and harrowing depiction of the addict's whirlpool of self-destruction. But entertainment? Directed by Glenn Gordon Caron, written by Tod Carroll and co-starring Kathy Baker. This one may strike a few chords in the Betty Ford-obsessed United States, but it will hardly spell boffo box office here. — *C.J.M*

From the top: A warm family moment for Connery and Ford in Indiana Jones And The Last Crusade; Brekky toot for Michael Keaton in Clean And Sober; Julian Sands gets his in Warlock.

Harvey Fierstein's play **Torch Song Trilogy** depended heavily on his staggering performance as a Jewish drag queen who wants love and a family just like anyone else. The film hangs on him even more. Much of the supporting cast — including Anne Bancroft as Harvey's mother — is directed unevenly by Paul Bogart, but Fierstein's humor set against wry confessions of loneliness is peerless. After his lover is bludgeoned to death by fag-bashing teenagers, Fierstein screams at his recently widowed mother that he, like her, hurts — that he still sets places for two at the dinner table. You not only believe him, you're a bit ashamed you didn't credit his grief at the outset. — *Marcia Pally*

SOUNDS

HARD TIMES

In the hands of strong writers and observers music can very much amplify their place and times. Hard times have historically led to vibrant, uplifting music — just check most black South African music at the moment. Too angry to be uplifting, **Elvis Costello** is shouting loud on *Spike* (WEA). Having moved from England to Ireland, Declan McManus (as his mum and dad named him) is only marginally distant from his despised Thatcher England. Utilising American and Irish musicians, he is often in a fairground or brass band mood. He wails sardonically against "them." Despite his apparently happy and stable love life he still likes to milk the hurt and uncertainty of many relationships — "You're going to have to face a deep dark truthful mirror . . . to tell you things that I still love you too much to say. " Humor is not totally absent as the Almighty is depicted on a water bed with a cola, airport novelette and Lloyd-

Webber's "Requiem" wondering if He "should have given the world to the monkeys." This is strong and passionate stuff with no intention of letting you escape life's little pressures.

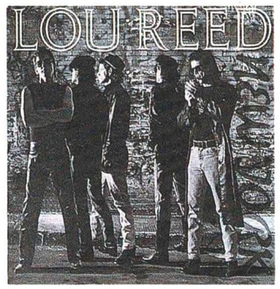
Lou Reed is also pretty mad. Eight years of neglect under Reagan has helped decimate his beloved *New York* (Sire). He cites what's been happening in the city (mainly with drugs, violence, poverty, corporate greed and corruption) as a warning to the populace at large. He's speaking out in response to the price we'll "pay for all our mutual inhumanity." Reed has been the classic rock and roll animal and here he's opted for a traditional two guitars, bass and drums. More a book than a collection of songs, he's played none of the word games that Costello has used on his more verbose efforts.

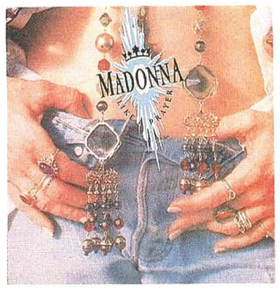
Local lad **Stephen Cummings** obviously hails from a less intense corner of the globe (Melbourne). *A New Kind Of Blue* (True Tone) often finds him with his feet up on the front porch serenading the cat. Nevertheless, he still manages to produce classy, understated albums that will keep you glued to your porch seat for the full 40 minutes as he sings of life on the inevitable rebounds.

If you crave oxygen deprivation and loud noise but are sick of being "Housed-out" at the disco by little ping pong rhythms, it could be time for some real guitar groove. A plastic bag over the head will approximate the night-club ambience and you could try something like **King Swamp** (Virgin). The way they tell it, two ex-Shriekbackers drank their way from New York to New Orleans, and set up in a house on the Mississippi. Eventually they enlisted the Shriekback drummer, a guitarist from World Party and a Sheffield screamer. These Pommy expatriates have reinterpreted the American experience, providing lots of thump without descending to being monolithic deadbeats. Studied menace without the bombast.

On the home front, former synth popsters **Pseudo Echo** have joined the guitar *Race* (EMI) now that their average age could legally get them into a pub. Here they exhibit a believable rock swagger.

Sipho Mabuse is a leading member of South Africans Against Apartheid and the man who introduced Paul Simon to the Sowetan groove. Utilising more of the same and some beautiful choral work he gives us the *Chant Of The Marching* (Virgin) — songs of longing for a lost homeland and sadness about its intransigent politics couched in a seductive, lilting mood. Meanwhile in London some of the brothers have instigated a true hybrid with **The Reggae Philharmonic Orchestra** (Island). It features black, mainly classically trained musicians with drum machine and rhythm section. They bow their way through mastermind Mykaell Riley's songs as well as covers of "Minnie The Moocher" and "Time Goes By." Still for really wild sound affix your ears to *Pay It All Back Volume 2* (Nettwerk) which demonstrates the current crop of performers gathered under the ON-U Sound umbrella. White boy Adrian Sherwood, the producer with 50 albums and 30 singles to his credit, pounces on new technology and twists it for his own and others' pleasure. This is heavy duty dub that makes UB40 look like the nice little pop band they are.





Supremely accomplished and deeply boring is that nice, nice American teenager **Debbie Gibson**. Electrifying no, but an *Electric Youth* (Atlantic) nonetheless. She has brilliantly arranged songs around her three good notes. File under "Kylie" to avoid unnecessary soul searching.

Denise Lopez's ancestry ensures a Latin snap to her dance grooves on *Truth In Disguise* (A&M). Lots of pizzaz with little soul. Still, it's early days for her and plenty of time to aspire to a duet with Prince which grand dame of this groove **Madonna** has managed on *Like A Prayer* (Sire). Many of the tracks are no longer shackled to the wheel of disco: "I never felt so good about myself" — and we're all very happy for her. — *Jeremy Cook*

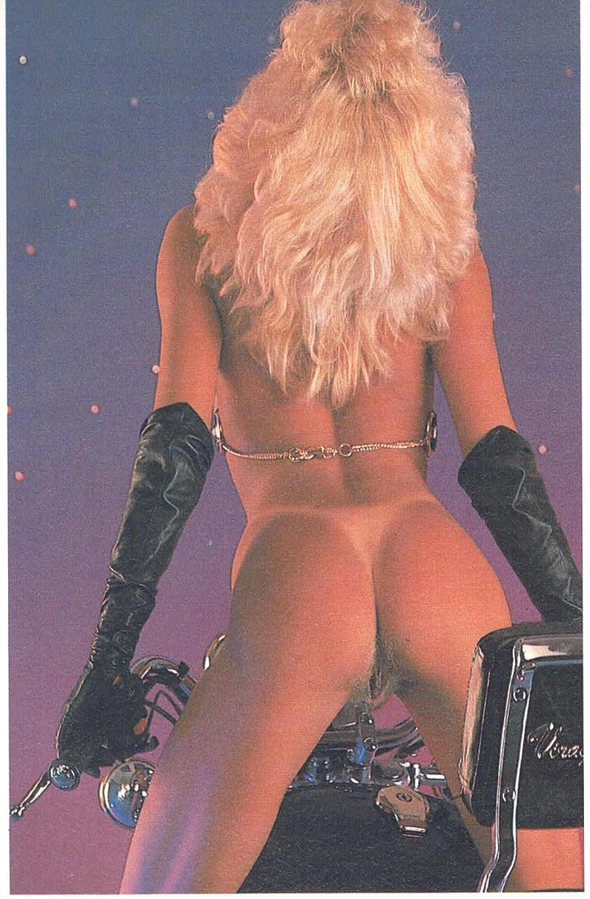
Clockwise from far left: Elvis Costello is angry; Stephen Cummings puts his feet up; Lou Reed is still a rock 'n' roll animal; Madonna is still queen of the dance floor.

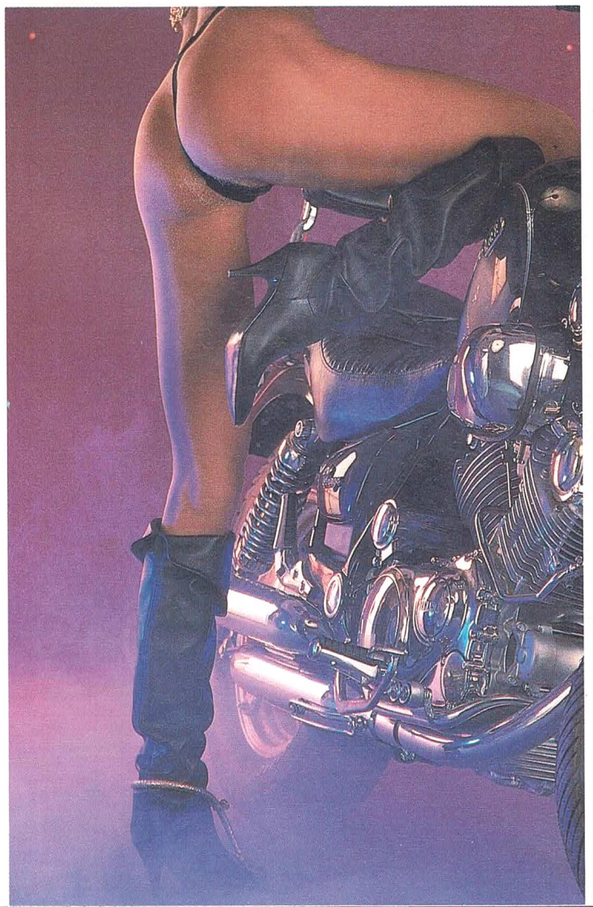
FREE RIDE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

The motorcycle was Riva's idea. "I know why men find motorbikes sexy. Personally I think they're out of this world. Lots of girls say they lost their virginity in the back seat of a car. Not many can say they lost it on the back seat of a motorbike. I can."

Virago





"I'd better explain that the bike wasn't moving at the time — but the engine was still warm . . ."

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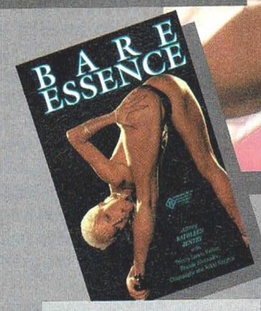
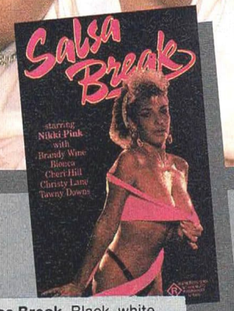


Bare Essence. It's fun to join a gang of all-girl thieves. Or is it? The fun turns sour and it is only through the wisdom of Jack Baker that Kathleen Jentry has her real chance in life. **HT031**



Salsa Break. Black, white and Latin cultures ignite in this fiery feature. Hot dancers, hot money, hot ladies. Shady characters with shady morals threaten to dominate, but the light from one courageous girl shines through it all. **IR002**

The Legend of Reggie D.
"Raw deal, raw dude,
That's my middle name,
and the only thing
I have right now
is the pimp king's claim
to fame." **HT032**

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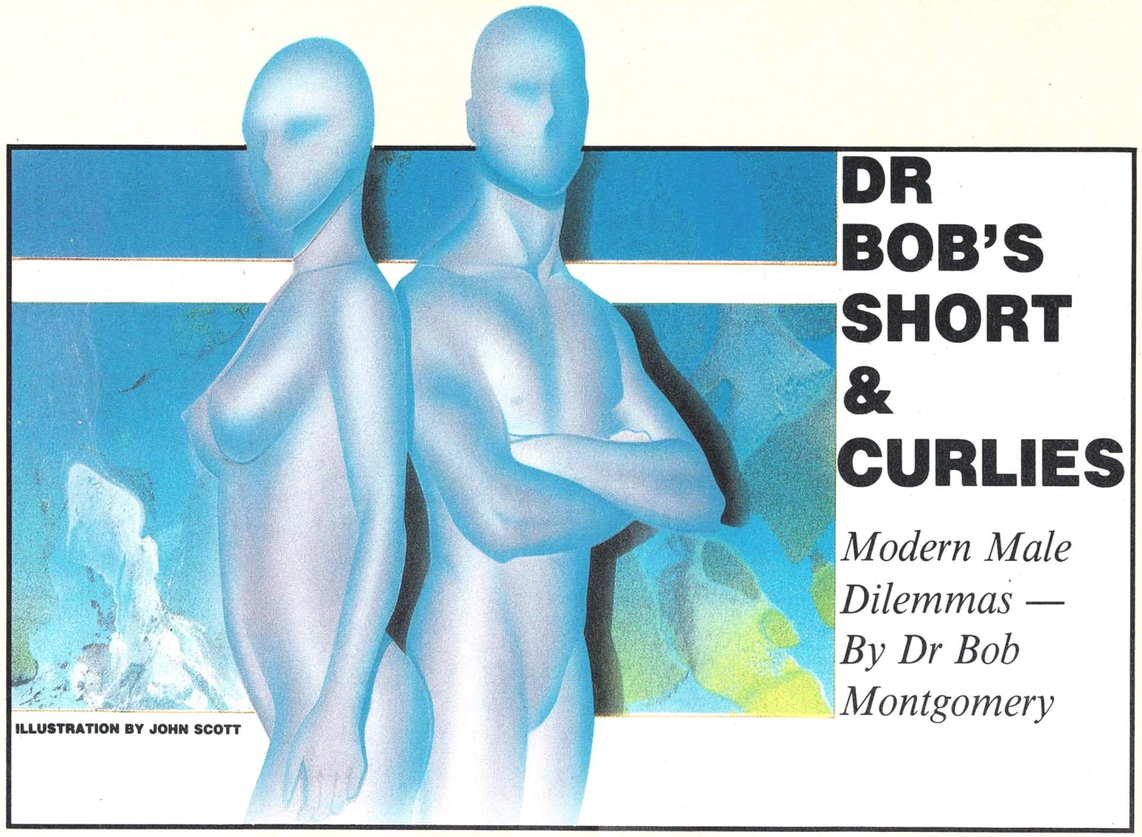

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN SCOTT

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Modern Male Dilemmas — By Dr Bob Montgomery

BUSTED!

What do you do when she's discovered you've been cheating — but you don't want to lose her?

Dr Bob Montgomery is a distinguished clinical psychologist who runs a Melbourne-based consultancy. He has given guest lectures on psychology throughout the world, is the author of several best-selling self-help books, and has been a regular guest on various radio and television programs in Australia. He is currently the "resident psychologist" on Nine's *Today* program.

You've been sprung. You've been having an affair and your partner has found out. She's told you how rotten you are, how hurt and angry she is, and that she doesn't see how she can ever trust you again. If she hasn't already left or demanded that you do, she's talking about it. But you don't want to lose her. What can you do?

First, don't lie. In the heat of the moment, you can be tempted to play down the extent of your involvement in the affair, how long it's been going on, how often you've met, the degree of your involvement, even whether it was sexual. You might tell yourself you are lying to save your partner's feelings or you might admit you are doing it to protect your own. But whatever your reasons, if you don't want to lose your partner, don't lie about your affair now.

What will most probably be distressing your partner is her feeling of having been deceived — that on occasions when you said you were here, you were there; when you said it was business, it was monkey business. If your relationship is now to have a future, rebuilding trust is going to be vital. If you now lie about the affair, and then have to admit you have been lying, you will simply be confirming her belief that she can never trust you again.

So, make any statements about the affair truthful, preferably brief, plain and factual. Don't color it and definitely don't excuse it. She may find hearing some blunt, honest statements uncomfortable, and you will probably find making them uncomfortable, but those were the risks you took when you had the affair. Don't try to avoid those risks after it's too late anyway, at the cost of your future credibility.

Second, don't tell the truth. Before you think I'm contradicting myself, let me explain that I mean you should not go into unnecessary and hurtful detail for no good reason. I am not a believer in compulsory honesty, the idea that "I'm going to tell you the complete and detailed truth so that I can clear my conscience and feel better, regardless of how bad it makes you feel." I think that's just plain selfish. Don't ease the burden of your guilt by dumping it on your partner.

For the same reason, refuse to be interrogated. Your partner may want you to give a blow-by-blow description of the entire affair, even down to asking you for a detailed description of the sexual relationship. In your guilt or confusion, you may think you owe her the answers and that giving them will be helpful. It won't. She is most likely asking all those questions because she believes, at least implicitly, that if she understands what has happened she can prevent it from happening again. Interrogations like this are misguided attempts at control, to avoid something that has already happened. If you give in and start a detailed description of the affair, the only real effect is likely to be rubbing salt into your partner's wounds.

It's more helpful for you to say something like: "I'm sorry for the hurt I have caused you and I will answer a few basic questions honestly, if you want me to. But I don't believe any good will come from my discussing my affair in detail, so I'm not going to." Your partner may then quite reasonably ask what you are going to do about the situation, and that's the question you should both be addressing. Not who did what to whom in the past, but what are we going to do now?

I actually suggest to couples that they could feel grateful to discover one of them has been having an affair. I don't really think they will feel good about it at the time, but I am trying to point out to them that discovering the affair gives you an important message that you could respond to constructively, if you are willing to. I have *never* seen someone lured out of a successful relationship by the prospect of an affair. I have often seen people get involved in an affair because their relationship was lacking or troubled. An affair is a symptom of a sick relationship, not the cause of it.

"Don't ease the burden of your guilt by dumping it on your partner."

So your partner may reasonably feel angry and understandably feel hurt, but she and you might also get the message. *There must have been something seriously wrong in our relationship for one of us to get involved with someone else. If we both still want our relationship, the answer is not simply to stop the affair or promise never to have another one, but to find out what made our relationship vulnerable in the first place and to do something to remove that vulnerability now.*

You need to use some tact in how you suggest this to her. As a psychologist I am not trained to comment on moral issues so I generally avoid discussing them. I make no moral comment on your affair because it's outside my expertise and I want to focus on the practicalities of the situation. But you will have to deal with your own moral judgement of your actions. Say something like: "I understand that you feel what I did was wrong, and I agree (or don't agree). But I can't change the past, so I want us to focus on how to make our relationship safe from anything like that in the future."

"I have *never* seen someone lured out of a successful relationship by the prospect of an affair."

Far and away the most common scenario leading to an affair is what I have called the "empty relationship." It's also the most common path to divorce. The major cause of it is a lack of common interests, especially a lack of good times as a couple. This is often accompanied by a declining sexual relationship, if only because it gets into a rut. Communication may still occur, but the lack of common interests means there isn't much to communicate about anyway. The relationship slowly becomes emotionally empty and unrewarding. Its vulnerability is usually finally demonstrated by one of the partners starting an affair, to find the rewards that haven't been evident at home for some time.

If that sounds familiar, it also tells you what you will need to do together to give your relationship a new and better chance. Rebuild your common interests and shared good times, especially as a couple; and improve your communication. You can try a self-help manual (like ours, *Living & Loving Together*, published by Viking O'Neil), or see a clinical psychologist trained in relational therapy or a marriage guidance counsellor. If your sexual relationship needs a lift, again you can try a self-help manual (like ours, *You & Sex*, also published by Viking O'Neil), or a qualified clinical psychologist.

My point is that you will probably need some new ideas, not just a lot of resolve to "try harder." I see a number of couples who have split, reconciled and split again, all the more pessimistic because they got back together with the intention of "trying harder", did, and it didn't work. The trouble is, they tried harder at what they were doing before. It didn't work then, so trying it harder doesn't work now, either. They, and possibly you, need to try something new, not just harder. That's what a good self-help manual or counsellor provides: the suggestions of what to do differently this time.

But she's not willing. You accept your blame and guilt, you don't try to excuse yourself, and you keep suggesting that you both now do something constructive to remove the vulnerability in your relationship. But she wants to blame, shout, criticise, interrogate and repeatedly point out that she can't trust you now. As long as your goal is to try to save the relationship, don't bite. Keep insisting that the useful thing to do now is to work on your relationship and don't get sucked into true confessions, fights or recriminations. Do show you accept her right to her feelings but point out that neither you nor she can change the past.

Trust is an important component of successful relationships, but it is the result of success, not a precondition. The only way you can build or rebuild trust in a relationship is for you both to be willing to take the chance. You have to act as though you trust each other, make yourself vulnerable by giving your partner the chance to let you down so that he or she can then not let you down and so demonstrate that he or she can now be trusted. First has to come the risk, then the trustworthy behavior, and then the sense of trust. The most helpful statement your partner could now realistically make to herself is: "I don't know whether I can trust him now because he did let me down badly. But if I want the chance of finding out whether I can trust him again, I have to take the risk of giving him the chance to let me down again, so that we can rebuild the trust in our relationship." The most you can do now is to ask for that chance, and use it constructively if it's given to you.

PURSUIT

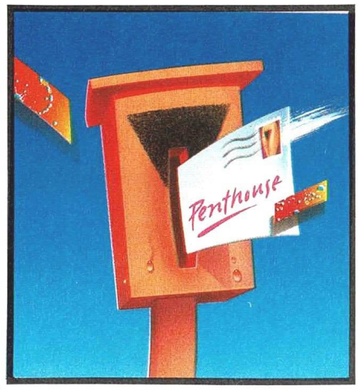
Presenting the ultimate proof that the thrill is in the chase . . . Brisbane's Tiffany Chase. Tiffany's act is electric on the dancefloor, but offstage she radiates a calmness that very pleasantly rubs off on others. Maybe it's something to do with her black belt-standard proficiency in karate. "A lot of people think karate is violent, but the thing is once you study it you tend *not* to fight people. It puts you at peace."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Lingerie by Undies & Things; Hot pink dress by Risk, Crown Street, Sydney.

"Some people say I'm hyperactive — but just active will do," Tiffany smiles. She's a girl not afraid of a bit of hard work. "I've got to be doing something."

On the subject of men, Tiffany has some very good clues. "My boyfriend knows how to treat a woman: good manners, he's gentle, intelligent and good-humored. What more could a girl ask for?"



FORUM

Continued from page 16

her and slipped my cock into her from behind when she was adjusting her makeup.

Bea picked up on it. "What are you talking about?" she asked.

Asia explained while I got up to go to the bathroom. The fan in the bathroom kept me from hearing the conversation, but I could hear the music of feminine laughter over the noise. When I finished I came out to find them sipping cups of coffee. Bea winked at me. "Hear you were totally horny last night. Sorry I missed it." I cosied up to the both of them, my bare skin touching Asia's. "Did you tell her how you finished me off?" I said to Asia. She smiled and looked the tiniest bit embarrassed. "No," she smirked to me, "but like the coffee, it was good to the last drop!" We all cracked up, and Asia gave my dick a little squeeze before heading to the shower.

Bea and I sat on the bed. I didn't bother to cover up, and I could tell the sight of my penis was getting to her. She had screwed her boyfriend after Asia and I left them last night, but apparently didn't get enough. The more she looked over at my cock, the bigger it got. In short, it was semi-hard, just begging for her touch. Her conversation became more and more distracted. Seeing her get turned on was really getting to me, too. Finally a large drop of semen appeared on the tip of my cock, clung there for a moment, and fell to the sheet.

Bea reached over and took my tool in her hand, giving it a nice squeeze. Another large slippery drop of my fluid rose to the tip, and she spread it around my cockhead with her thumb. "So," she said, a little huskily, "are you putting your clothes on or am I taking mine off?" My grin answered her question, and she pulled off her top, revealing her small, perfect breasts and hard nipples. She pulled off her short skirt, leaving only her panties, and made a beeline for my cock. I'd forgotten how well she could suck a man, and the memory of her last blowjob came rushing back to me. She had me fully erect and wanting relief in seconds, sucking my shaft and licking the bulbous head like it was made out of hard candy.

When Asia came out of the shower, she was greeted by the sight of her best friend on top of her latest lover in a classic sixty-nine. I had my tongue deep inside Bea, and she was tickling my balls with her nails, sucking me with wild abandon. When I finally noticed Asia, she was looking at us with excitement. Asia and I made eye contact just as Bea was starting to come. She watched me flick my tongue lasciviously over Bea's squirming cunt, her fingers flying to her own clitoris as I focused on Bea's. Bea was howling by this time, her hips thrusting against my mouth, her juices streaming through my moustache and running down my chin. She arched her back and threw back her head, causing my cock to fall out of her mouth, but she continued to jack me off in rhythm with her bucking hips. Just as her orgasm seemed to peak, I fastened my mouth to her cunt lips, creating suction between my mouth and her slit. It startled her so, it made her sit bolt upright on my face for an instant. Bea was thrashing like a woman who had not come in years! With a final shudder, she started to come down, and I slowed my sucking to light licks.

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MA 1482

Bea stretched out her legs and rested her face in my crotch, my hard-on just under her throat. She opened her eyes to see her friend staring at her, and smiled self-consciously. "I forgot you were here!" she told Asia. "I could tell!" Asia said, laughing a little. "It sounded like you were having a heart attack or something." Then she smiled and added, "It really got me off watching you two do that." She pointed to her crotch — it was soaked with her pussy juice. "I'm sorry I bothered to shower."

Being in close proximity to two women who had just had orgasms got my cock throbbing again. Bea felt it bobbing by her throat and started to stroke it lovingly. "God that was intense," was all she could say. She kissed the head of my cock, swirling the pre-come around with her tongue, and slipped it back into her mouth.

Asia was still hot, and watching Bea nurse my prick was getting her even hotter. A great suggestion formed in my mind.

"Have you two ever shared a man before?" I asked. Bea gave me a hard suck and looked over at Asia. "Hell, we've never been naked together with a man before," Bea smiled. "And I've sure as hell never done a sixty-nine with a man in front of someone else before!"

"Well," I said, "today we can have a whole bunch of firsts, if you girls are up for it." Bea and Asia looked at each other wickedly, and with that, Asia climbed on the bed. Bea went back to work on my cock and Asia hugged me closely, giving me a hot passionate kiss. After a moment she moved down to join Bea, going right for my balls while her best friend sucked my shaft. The sight of this alone would have made any man shoot his load. A lean, lithe woman on either side of me making love to me with her mouth, my middle fingers buried in each of their beautiful cunts, making them wriggle and coo as they went down on me — heaven, pure heaven!

Asia urged Bea to surrender my penis to her mouth. Just before it slipped between her lips she gave Bea a grin. "Can you believe we're really doing this?" Bea was too turned on to care and told her to enjoy herself. The two of them engulfed my wanting prick — the sensation was so overwhelming. I endured this sweet torture for about ten minutes, concentrating on their pussies to keep from coming. I massaged each of their clits with my thumbs while pumping my middle fingers gently in and out. Bea had one of my balls in her mouth, but she released it suddenly and started to moan, clamping her hand over mine at her crotch. She started to hump against it and, as a fascinated Asia looked on, came with a wild thrashing motion that shook the whole bed.

Bea started pumping my dick lazily,

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licking off drops of pre-come and tonguing the head of it exactly as if it were an ice-cream cone. Her eyes never left Asia's upturned butt, where my tongue was darting around her clit. "Oh, turn around, Asia, so I can watch Mike eat you," Bea moaned. Asia hastily complied with the request. I used my hands to partially support Asia's weight, for fear she would smother me with her behind once she lost control. I propped my head up with a pillow so I could watch Bea at the same time, and when we made eye contact, she rubbed the head of my dick all over her face, pursing her lips lasciviously.

Meanwhile Asia's moans were getting louder and her hip motion stronger. As I tongued her clit, my nose tickled the lips of her wet cunt. I felt Bea's warm mouth leave my cock and she straddled me — preparing herself to sit on my hard-on. She wiggled her hips as it slid into her and the feeling was like warm wet velvet. I had my tongue inside Asia and my cock inside Bea — I felt like some primeval fucking machine. My only purpose for existence at that moment was to please these women — my own satisfaction was secondary. I wanted these wonderful creatures, these best friends to come together and truly share the experience.

Bea had a trick that I hadn't seen before. She leaned backward with my penis deep inside her. Although the pressure was incredible but pleasurable, she was soon leaning forward again, her hands on my abdomen, pumping straight up and down. Asia must have been watching her even as her own orgasm neared. "Bea! You look so good fucking him. This is so hot!" she said. Asia's body was in a frenzy. For a moment she augmented my efforts by rubbing her fingers over her clit. Her breath came in gasps and she bent forward, putting her hands on Bea's shoulders for support. I tongue-lashed her ripe clitoris without mercy. Asia's orgasm triggered Bea's and she fucked me harder than ever before. She collapsed forward too, and each girl supported the other as they came at the same time.

The noise in the room was incredible. Moans, yells, groans, and shrieks bounced off the walls. I was as turned on as I could possibly be without having a heart attack. The only thing that kept me from coming was the coffee we had drunk earlier — I had to take a leak.

The girls rolled off me and collapsed in a huge heap on the bed. When their eyes opened they laughed at each other's total loss of inhibitions. "When I saw you come, I just lost it," Bea declared. "It is really great watching someone else get off." Asia agreed and said she was glad it worked out that way. "After Mike leaves, we'll have to hold some quiet auditions for local talent," she suggested. "Sounds like fun," replied Bea, who turned to me and said, "Will you hurry? We're not done with you yet!"

And they weren't. I witnessed a sight few men have had pleasure to behold. The girls were on all fours, their round arses facing me. It was Asia's turn, and I parted her lips with the head of my hard-on and placed it home like I was loading a musket. As I fucked Asia, Bea got behind me and fondled my balls, rubbing her hands all over me as I concentrated on her best friend.

When Asia started to come, Bea hugged her, gripping her friend's hand as if to participate in her ecstasy. As her spasms slowed, Bea rubbed her hand soothingly over Asia's back. Neither girl had touched the other in a sexual way, just in a warm manner of deep friendship, enhancing the sharing of an extremely private experience. I was filled not only with lust but with genuine caring for these women for letting me be privy to this exchange.

None of these emotions slowed down the action. Still inside Asia, I felt Bea's arse and massaged her cunt a little. Bea smiled and got the message, bending over to present her gorgeous pussy from behind. I was so lubricated by Asia's juices that I slid right in to the hilt. Bea was like a wild animal, laughing and happy, with me pounding into her like there was no tomorrow. Asia was getting turned on again watching Bea's savage performance. I reached around and felt for Bea's clit. As soon as I touched it, she went off like a Roman candle. Asia got into the act, placing her hands on Bea's hips and pushing her friend toward me. "God, Mike fuck her! Fuck her cunt harder — make her come!" she cried. I was almost as frenzied as the girls with the need to fuck. I had my hands on Bea's hipbones and was thrusting into her with all I had.

My orgasm started at the soles of my feet, and I lifted Bea's hips up, bringing her knees off the bed. She was writhing like a wildcat in a trap and came with a shuddering moan. I was close to shooting off, and with Bea obviously having the orgasm of her life, I didn't need much more stimulation. I announced that I was coming and took my cock out of Bea's quivering love hole. With that, Bea turned and fastened her mouth on my dick as I pumped the shaft. Asia replaced my hand with hers and jerked me eagerly, a mixed expression of wonder and lust on her face. For me, it seemed like time was standing still, like a slow-motion movie. I was somehow able to focus on every detail with precise clarity.

Asia put her free hand on my arse and urged us on. She jerked me hard and fast, and with one great thrust I came in Bea's beautiful mouth. After my first two come shots, Bea sighed, and my next lovely fellatrice quickly positioned herself in front of me and engulfed my spurting dick. To this day I have never come in a greater amount than on that bright morning. I felt like all my energy had been sucked out of me — I kind of stumbled and then fell on the bed.

The girls stretched out on either side of me. We dozed then talked and started all over again. Taking breaks only for

food, we spent the entire day naked in the motel room. I wondered if the girls were going to experiment with just each other, but that never happened. They just explored every inch of my happy body. Nothing like that ever happened to me again, as we all lost touch with each other over the next few months. — *Name and address withheld*

Naughty nighties

A friend of mine is one of those neighborhood ladies who puts on lingerie and sex-toy parties. These parties are for women only, even though they now carry some sexy underwear for men, too. Mandy, the gracious hostess, and I became very good friends — the kind of friendship that includes sex with no strings attached. One day Mandy told me that she intended to throw a special party for some of her best friends. She thought she could make the party special if she had a man there to model the men's line. At first I was a little hesitant to accept her offer, but after a few persuasive kisses and caresses, I was totally for it.

When we got to Mandy's house, all her friends were already there. They were all pleasant to look at, and I was intrigued with what the night would bring. Mandy announced that I was there to model the men's lines, and to say the least, this went over very well. After hearing a couple of the comments, I decided to have a large glass of wine. Then Mandy suggested that I get started. She handed me a men's latex body suit. It was low-cut in front and cut high on the sides. The suit's bottom fit tight around my balls, producing a definite bulge — I was as nervous as I was on my first date. I got whistles and cat calls, and in spite of me being apprehensive my dick was half hard. Mandy told me to walk around the living room while she described the outfit. She told the women to get a good look, and also to feel free to touch the fabric. They didn't have to be prodded twice — one of the lovelies ran her hand along my arse and cooed with delight. Mandy laughed and said that in this suit, a woman can really tell the "size" of a man. As she stated this she ran her hand over my dick — I was rock hard.

Next I modelled silky bikini bathing trunks. When I walked around the room this time, Mandy told her girlfriends how soft the fabric was, and encouraged them to feel it between their fingertips. Needless to say, there was not much fabric to feel, and the ladies made the most of it. A couple of them grabbed my arse to pull me closer to them. Much to my surprise, I didn't explode right there and then.

I modelled several more outfits, and each time it was the same result. I didn't know how much longer my dick could hold out without popping its wad. Mandy announced that I was about to come out in my last outfit — mesh bikini underpants that left nothing to the imagination. The ladies had a lot of fun with this one. Mandy told me to keep the outfit on when I finished and relax for a while. Now it was the ladies' turn.

Each of them picked out an outfit they wanted to model. For the next half hour I got to sit and enjoy the show. These women really got into it! After they were done prancing in front of me and my hard-on, they kept the beautiful, sexy creations on. Even Mandy modelled a red see-through nightie with a G-string bottom. I enjoyed this part of the party the most, since I was the one now copping a feel. Most of the women had great bodies, and I was like a kid in a candy store.

Next it was time for the exotic lotions and toys. Mandy asked me to help. First came the lotions that tasted good. Mandy would rub some on me and ask another lady to taste it. Never in my life have I been so turned on. After the lady would taste it, Mandy would tell her girlfriend to rub it somewhere on herself, to get the feel of the lotion. Then I would lick it off the girl to get the "man's view" of the flavor. The first two ladies rubbed it on their nipples, the third on her butt. The fourth rubbed it at the top of the inside of her thighs. This went on with each lady trying to outdo the other. One woman rubbed the lotion on her feet, and as I sucked her cute little toes, she ran her hand over her cunt a couple of times.

Mandy told us that she had some "toys" to show, too. The edible underwear were first. I took off my mesh pants and put on the men's edible pants. Mandy asked who would like a bite, and one by one they all lined up — until there was nothing left but the string and my hard-on. After much fun with the edible undergarments and the dildos, Mandy took out the last item. It was a book on masturbation. The book had a lot of pictures and described what to do and Mandy thought it would be fun if I showed the ladies how a man masturbates. Normally, I'm kind of shy about this, but I was so horny I didn't care how I got off, just as long as I could shoot my load.

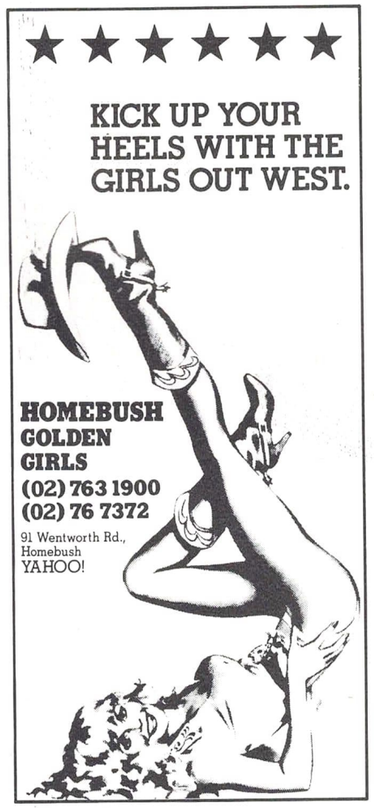
I started to stroke myself, and I watched as Mandy paid rapt attention and touched her tits and played with her crotch. It was unbelievable, and every lady there joined in. It was an incredible sight to behold — a mutual masturbation society. I couldn't hold back any longer though, and when Mandy saw that I was about to come, she engulfed my dick with her warm mouth and caught my bursting load.

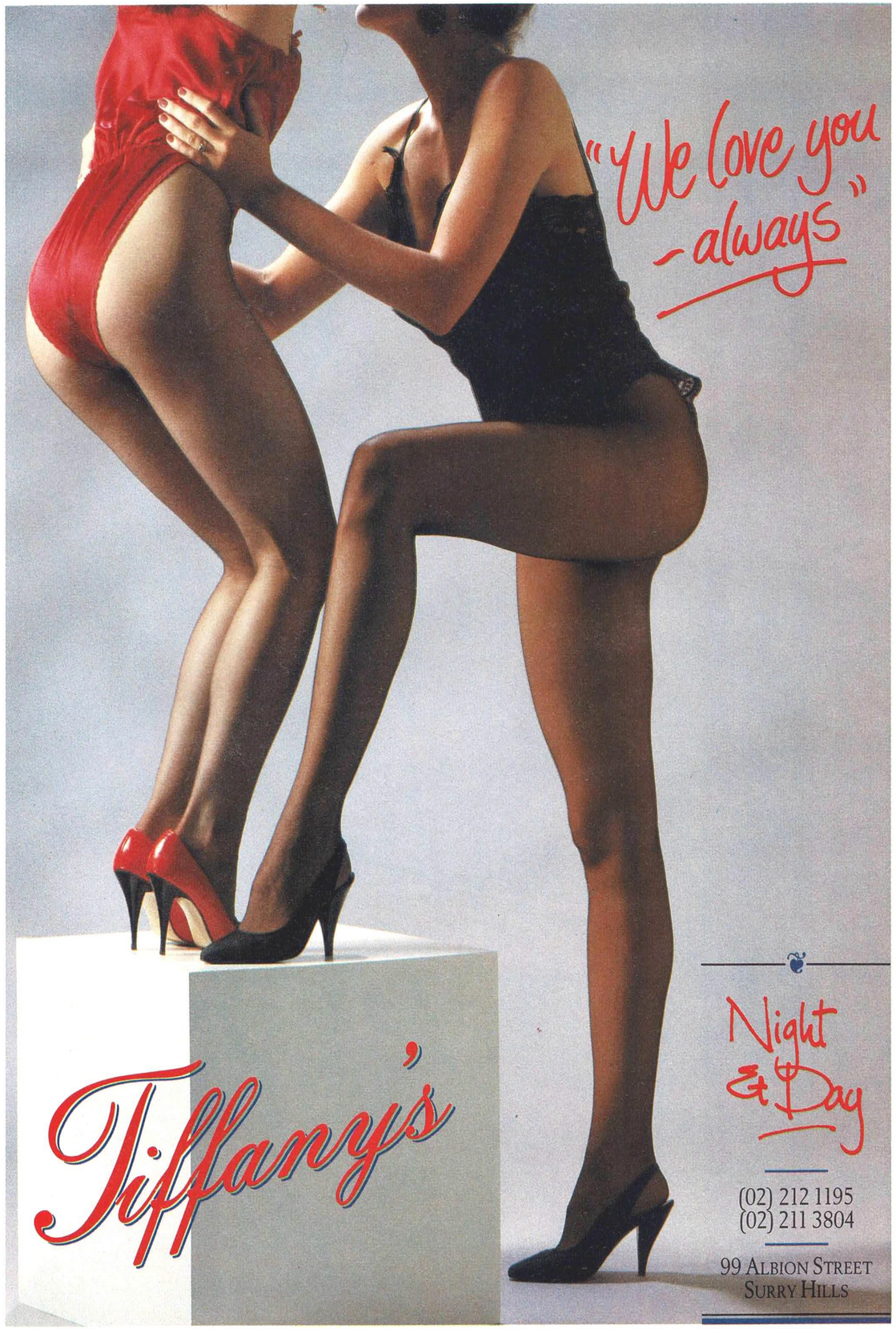
After my climax I stood back, trying to regain my composure. I looked around the room at all these ladies playing with themselves. It got pretty hot after that, as two of the women, Melissa and Susan, participated in a hot sixty nine. I couldn't believe my eyes as they stroked and licked each other's cunts. The living room was hot with the smell of come and sweat. God! We were all getting such a fantastic workout.

I had been laying back resting, watching the action, when Mandy came and sat beside me. She started to touch me up, and as my member responded she spoke to the other girls to get their attention. In her hand she held a whirring dildo. As the girls watched in stunned silence, she fed the device into her snatch, still teasing my cock with her other hand.

Her next move was amazing. She withdrew the vibrator and gradually fed it to her anus. I think the others were shocked. With the device held there she mounted me and rode me to another filthy orgasm.

Finally the party came to an end. Everyone got dressed and placed their orders — it was the best night that Mandy ever had in sales. Each of the women paused to give me a special hug or kiss as they left. That night was a mind-blowing experience — I can't wait until I'm invited to the next naughty-nighties party! — *Name and address withheld*

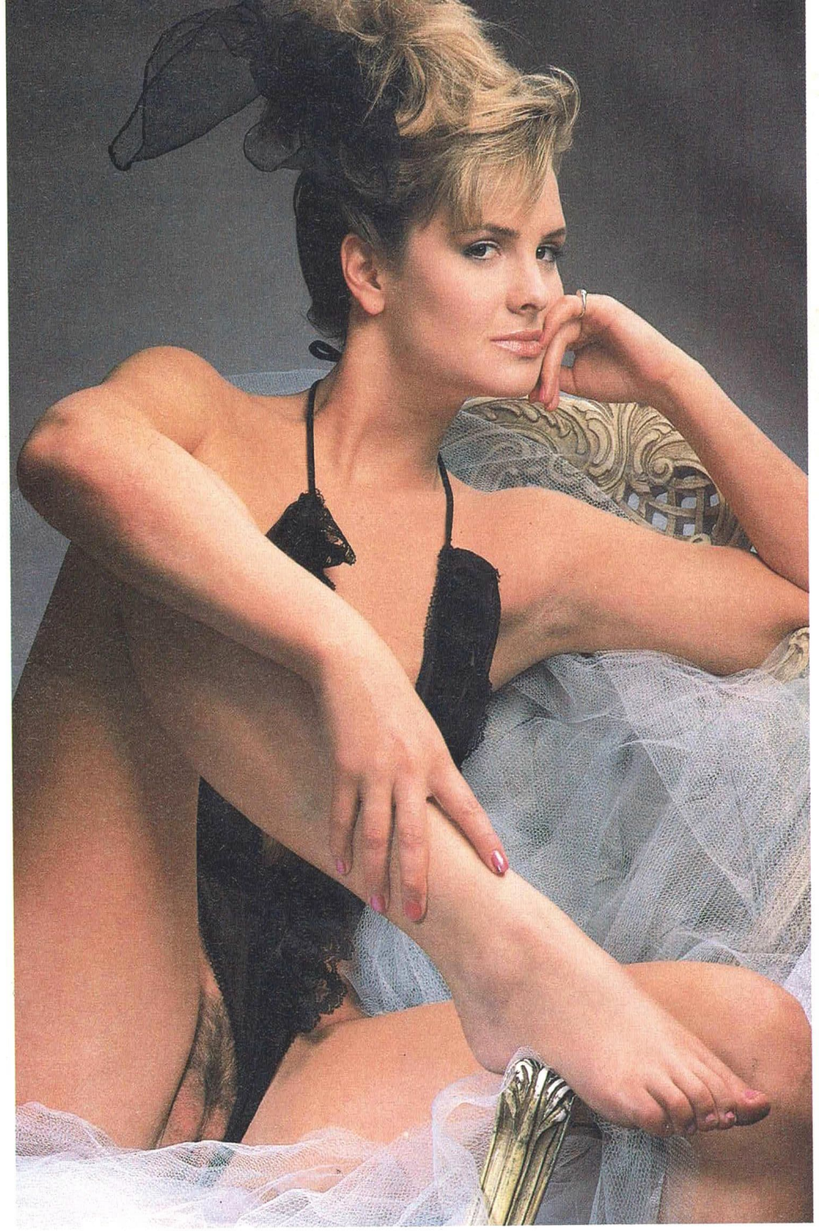


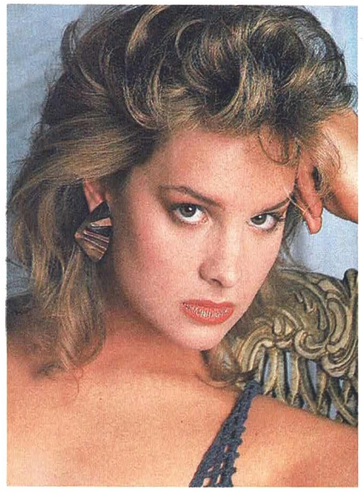


PHOTOGRAPHY BY WARREN TANG

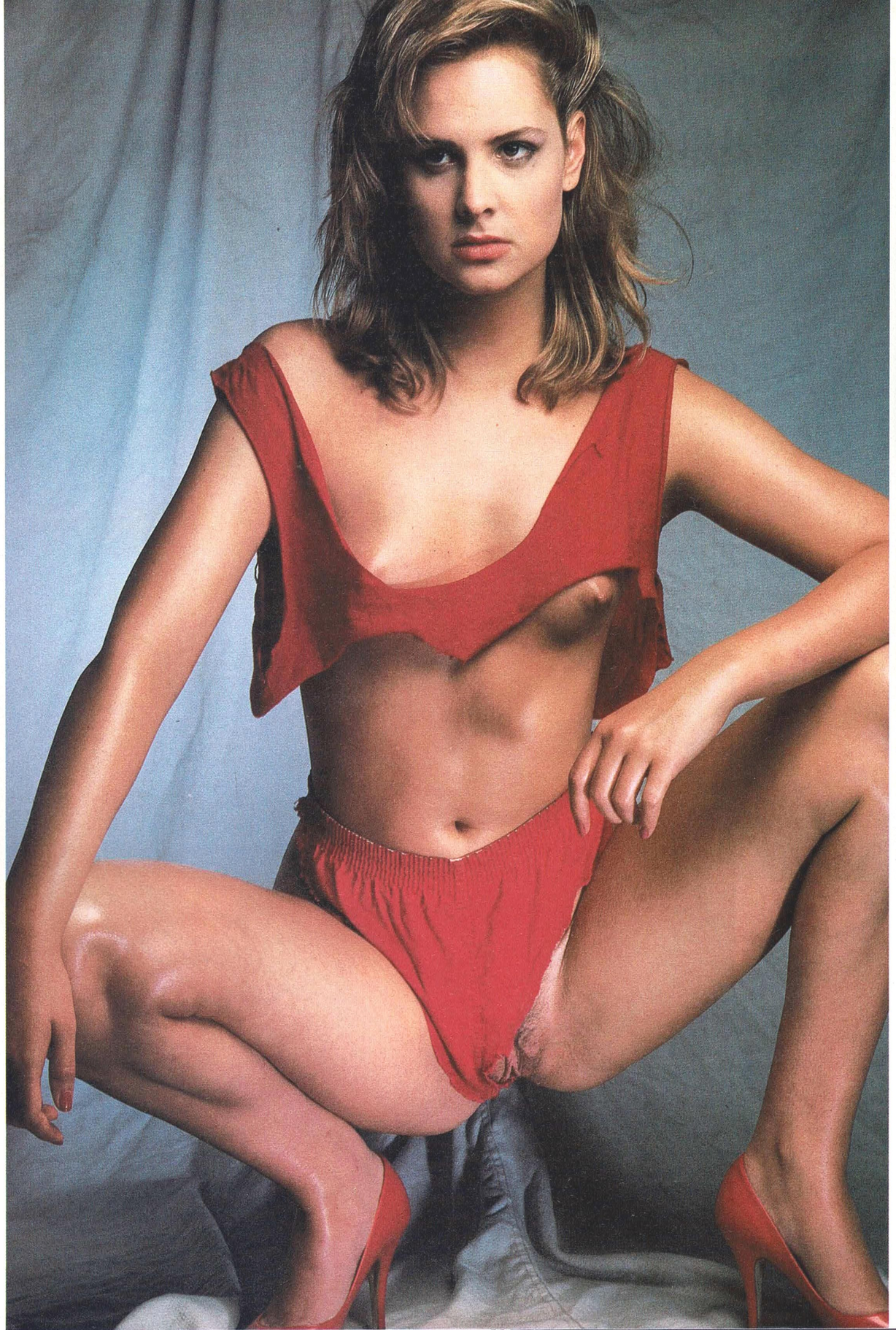
PRIVATE EYES

"There's nothing like a few minutes meditation to relax your mind and body," says 22-year-old Samantha Townsend as she stretches her legs. "I've been doing it for years, and it's really helped me deal with tension. I used to have a short temper, but now I'm able to maintain an even keel."





"Whenever I can, I stand on a street corner and people-watch," says Samantha, a sculptress by trade. "I'm fascinated by the human form. But now the tables are turned. Here I am in *Penthouse* and everyone's eyes are on me."



THE BODY

Continued from page 62

as a mercenary searching for his kidnapped daughter. Romantic scenes with Rae Dawn Chong were reportedly removed as unconvincing.

Yet *Red Heat*, where he played a sexless Russian cop loyal only to the Soviet state, also failed. His box office successes have been in science fiction thrillers where, as Kingsley Amis once perceptively remarked, "the plot is the hero." An unstoppable force, Arnie does little but propel the action to a satisfyingly bloody conclusion.

In *The Running Man* he's pursued through a ruined city as part of a futuristic TV game show. The equally brutal *Predator* (brilliantly photographed by Australian Don McAlpine) has him face and defeat an invisible alien in the jungles of Central America. Both show him as super-human, more monolith than man. These films crystallise Schwarzenegger's appeal. We're glad he's out there — but we wouldn't want him to marry our sister.

That impression may well have changed forever with the success of his most recent film, the smash hit comedy *Twins*. In this Schwarzenegger broke type to play Julius, an amiable super-being who travels to Los Angeles to find his natural brother, played by the sly, goblin-like Danny De Vito. The most ambitious attempt yet to find Schwarzenegger's human side, it was directed by Ivan Reitman, who made the comedy hit *Ghostbusters*.

Reitman insisted that the big Austrian was "a charming, humorous guy, and a sweet person too." He detected, he claims, "an element of naivete in this extraordinary specimen of a person," and he used this in an attempt to coax some laughs from Schwarzenegger's lines.

Critics were mixed in their views of both Schwarzenegger's casting and the overall comic effect of the film. Plaudits for big Arnie's innocent comic touch were matched with opinions that he was never more than a bumbling Lou Costello to De Vito's wised up Bud Abbott and that the film sacrificed laughs for mawkish tugs at the heartstrings. Audiences had no such indecision — *Twins* took $6.5 million in its first six weeks in Australia.

And without the benefit of sex scenes. Nobody's talking about whether any sex scenes were shot, but none appear in the film. Though Arnold does have an affair with the delectable Kelly Preston, Reitman just cuts from some feeble foreplay to the gigantic Julius waking the next morning with a beatific smile on his face.

Even before the financial success of *Twins*, Schwarzenegger himself was in very good shape indeed. *Forbes* magazine listed him as one of the ten wealthiest entertainers in the United States. *Conan The Barbarian*, *The Terminator*, *The Running Man* and *Predator* all showed large profits, and even the unsuccessful *Commando* and *Red Heat* will probably get their money back on video. He even gets paid when a film *isn't* made. The thriller *Sgt Rock* closed down late in 1988, but Schwarzenegger, secure in a "pay or play" contract, got a hefty fee.

Schwarzenegger is now in Mexico, making the science fiction drama *Total Recall* for Dutch director Paul Verhoeven. Mexico's gain is Australia's loss. Two years ago, *Total Recall* was chosen to launch Dino di Laurentiis' Gold Coast studios, with Bruce Beresford directing heart-throb Patrick Swayze. But the project was dumped, along with its elaborate sets, after the stock market crash.

Known for his good nature and professionalism, Schwarzenegger is genuinely well-liked in the industry. Less popular, and therefore understandably not succumbing to Arnold's charm, is his arch-rival Sylvester Stallone. Repeated overtures from Schwarzenegger have not brought Hollywood's two biggest specimens of beefcake together. "I don't think Sly wants to be friends," he says mournfully. (In *Twins*, Julius, newly arrived in America, stops by a poster for one of the *Rambo* films, looks sceptically at Stallone's bulging biceps, tries to imitate the pose himself, then turns away in amused contempt. Observers wonder if the rivalry isn't heating up.)

Stallone has much to be hot about. His career has been far less well-managed than Schwarzenegger's. A tendency to rewrite screenplays has turned his films into parables of right-wing rhetoric, filled with muscle flexing and feats of fake endurance that verge on sado-masochism.

Hollywood awaits with trepidation the appearance of *Rocky V*, now in preparation. According to rumor, boxer Rocky Balboa will become punch-drunk, retire from the ring, train a new young fighter and, when his protegee embraces evil, take up the gloves again to battle him. The climax could have Rocky dying, in the spirit of the *Star Wars* trilogy which this story suspiciously resembles.

Those who know Stallone and his ego aren't hopeful.

There are no signs that Arnold Schwarzenegger proposes to kill himself off. If films fail, there's always his aptly named Oak Productions and his property investments. (During the last two years, he made an estimated $52 million.) In what must be to him an agreeable irony, Schwarzenegger also co-produces both the Mr Olympia and Mr Universe competitions in which he once pumped iron with the other hopeful body builders.

Even on the set, money is never far from his mind. Walking by a paunchy technician on *Red Heat*, he prodded the man's large belly.

"I can get rid of that for you," he said.

"For free?" the man asked hopefully.

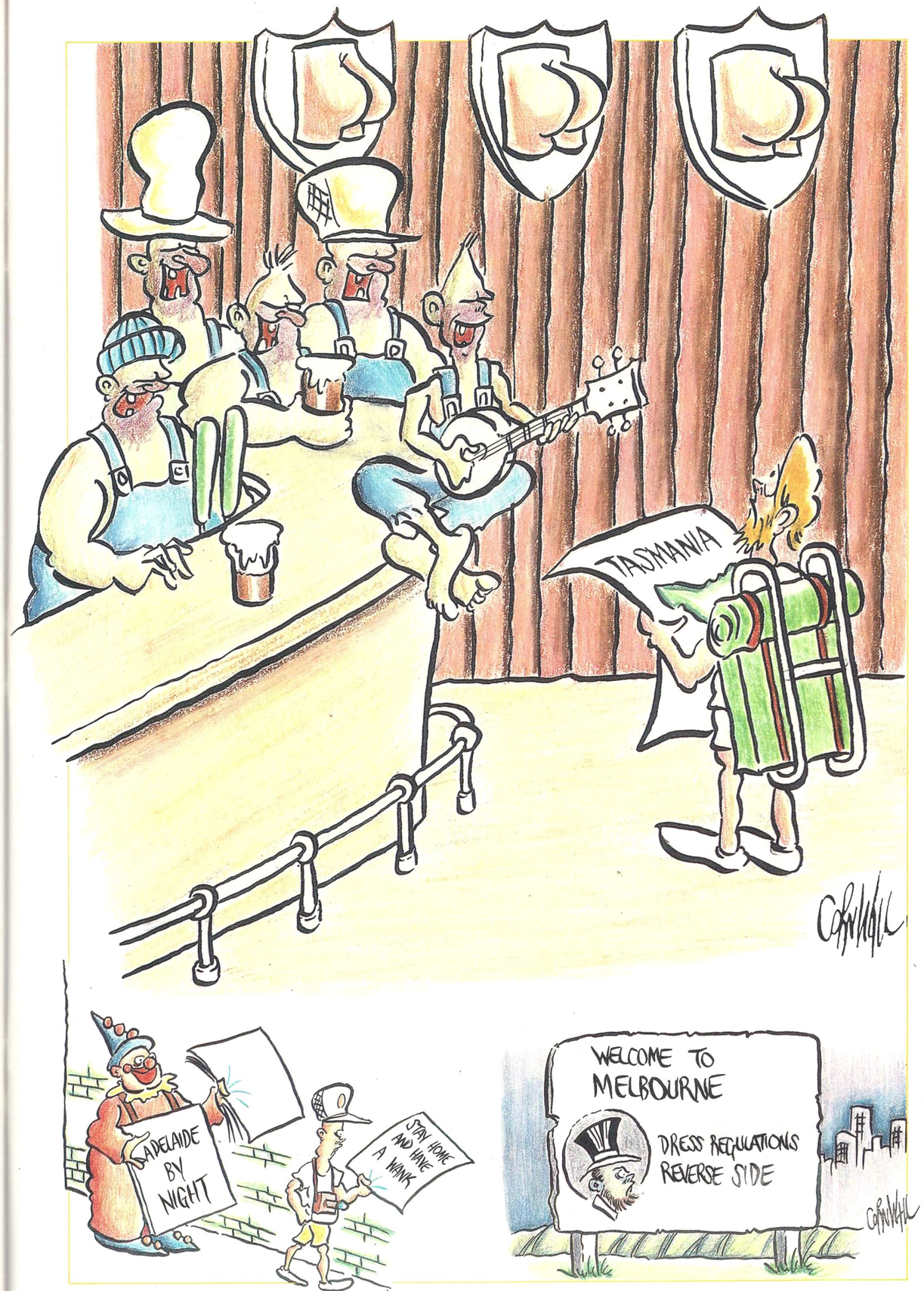
"Don't be silly!" big Arnie grinned.

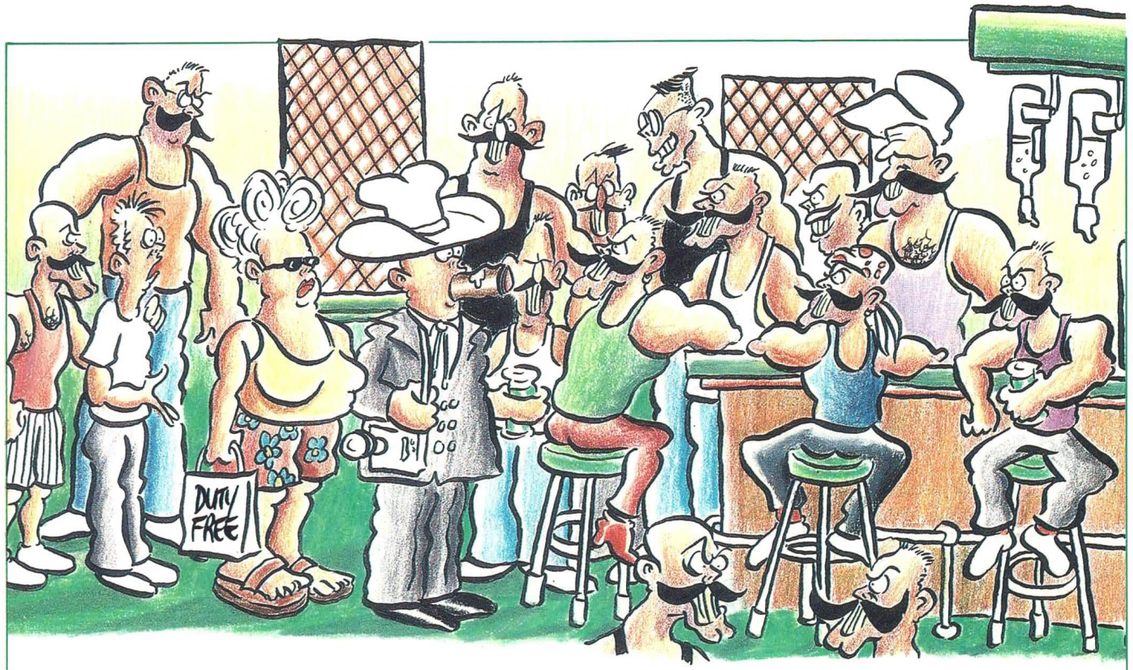
"I suppose a McFuck is out of the question?"

SEE AUSTRALIA FIRST

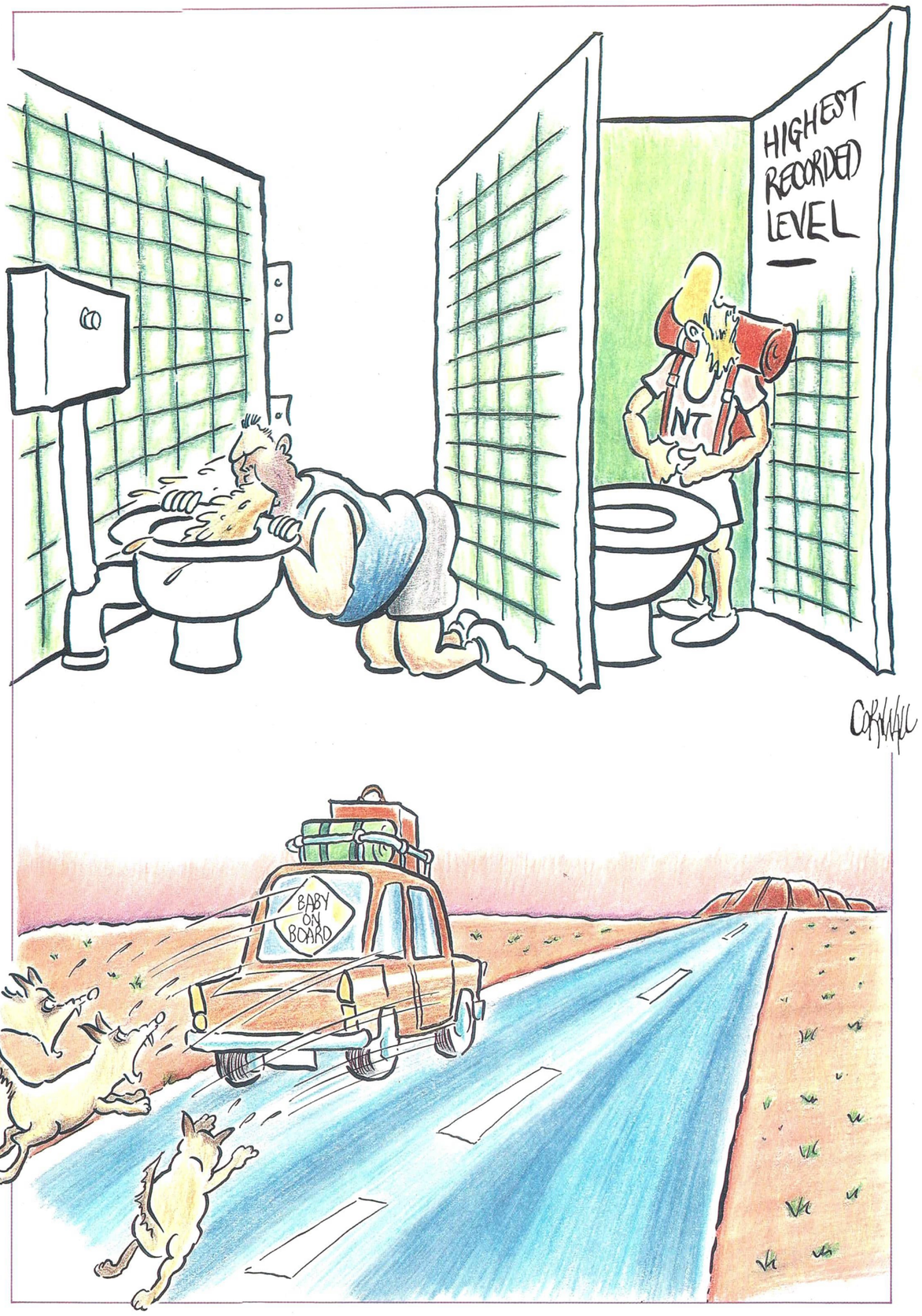
a cartoon feature by
MARK CORNWALL

DRINK HEAVILY
OR ELSE
FREO
FREO
WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH A MILLION TONNES OF EXCESS SUGAR?
PUT IT ON ME CORN FLAKES.
NOOSA
NOOSA


TASMANIA
ADELAIDE BY NIGHT
STAY HOME AND HAVE A WANK
WELCOME TO MELBOURNE
DRESS REGULATIONS REVERSE SIDE



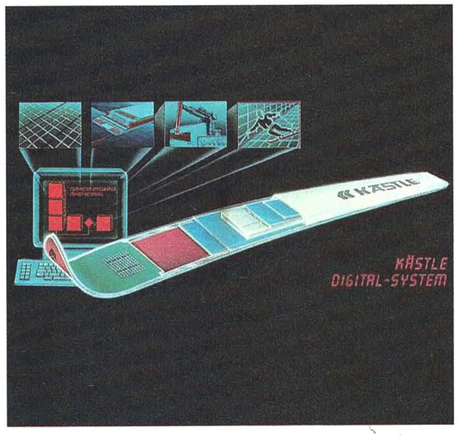
"Well, you wanted to see a typical Sydney pub . . ."



LOOSE ENDS

KASTLE FIRST

The winner of more gold medals in World Cup and Olympic Games than any other ski, Kastle, has created a breakthrough in ski manufacture by developing a Computerised Digital Construction system. Information on materials and production techniques is fed into a computer and the output provides data for a ski with optimum performance. The key feature is flex tuning, the absolute fine tuning of the ski for torsion and vibration dampening. Check out the world class Kastle range at authorised stockists.



INSKI — IN FASHION

While it's time for some to dust off last year's parka and brush the cobwebs from the boots and skis, others are heading straight for INSKI and selecting for themselves the very latest and wildest in snow fashions. Courtesy of the INSKI folk comes this preview of the latest and greatest gear.

1 He's wearing a Good As Gold Quiksilver parka ($345), Banff stretch pants ($279), Stautz skivvy ($79), Ray-Ban sunnies ($116) and Quiksilver cap ($11.95). She's wearing Banff pants ($199), fluoro braces ($29.95), Banff skivvy ($37.50), fluoro headband ($4.95) and Scott sunnies ($96).

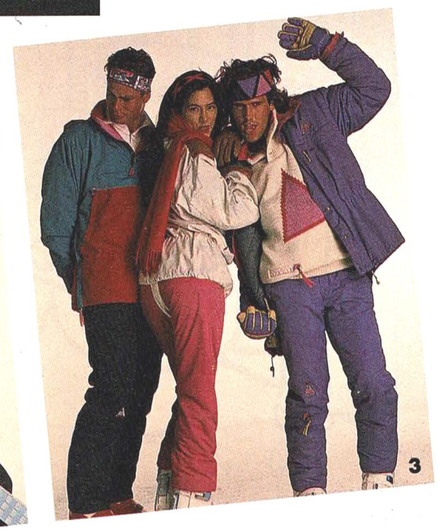
2 She wears a Banff Melon crinkle parka ($239) and Roberto Tonini in-the-boot ski pants ($180). He's wearing a Quiksilver one-piece suit ($495), Dynastar leather gloves ($79) and a Head waist/bum bag ($20).

3 From left to right: He's wearing an SOS Red Hot popover complete with Avalanche detector sewn in ($449), SOS ski jeans ($298), Maser skivvy ($47), ESDU Goretex gloves ($79). She's wearing an SOS Unisex Popover with leather panels ($498), SOS ski jeans ($298), Cerise scarf ($49.95) ESDU Goretex gloves ($79) and an X headband ($12.95). The guy on the right is wearing an SOS purple plush jacket ($449), SOS lined sweater ($338), SOS ski jeans ($298), SOS shirt ($89) and SOS headband ($24).

All items are available from INSKI, the ski specialists in Sydney and Canberra. Find them in the Yellow Pages.

1

2


3

GET A HEAD

Regulars on the slopes will recognise the Head brand — ensconced as it is at the head of the class equipment. Pictured are two of their primo racing numbers, the Radial Racing SL and GS. Both feature improved Aramid fibre Twaron for better vibration dampening, as well as Precision Finish with diamond ground edges. All you have to do is stick around for the ride. Both models come in sizes from 180cm to 210. At the best ski shops around the country and around the world.

DEWAR'S CHIC

Connoisseurs of spirits know Dewar's as a favorite. In keeping with that quality reputation, a new line to raise your fashion profile is on offer from John Dewar — at terrific prices. There's a great Blouson leather jacket, of the finest quality soft mottled leather in rich dark brown — for only $339. There's an elegant tie in pure double silk for a mere $19.95. There's a bathrobe in 100 percent cotton for $49.95 and a classic cable-knit heavy sweater of pure virgin wool for $79.95. If you've been window shopping lately, you'll recognise the value. To get a look in, check out the Dewar's display in your nearest liquor outlet. All prices include postage and handling to anywhere in Australia.

BOGGLING GOGGLES

Carrera's Ultrasight ski goggles are now easily the number one choice of skiing hotshots the world over. Once you get the chance to compare the difference of this revolutionary lens development, the reason will be very clear. The Ultrasight's all-weather double shield simultaneously brightens, filters glare and provides uncompromising color fidelity. The double shield construction and Everclear coating prevent fogging. Ultrasight provides 100 percent protection from all UV rays and is engineered for the skier who demands the sharpest, truest and most comfortable vision in all weather and light conditions. Must be seen to be believed.

AUSTRALIA'S WORLD CUP

The world's top 60 ski racers will be in Thredbo in August for the first World Cup races ever held on our shores. This will be ski racing at its ultimate — the Formula One of the slopes. Dates for the two series of races are August 12 and 13 — the first two races of the 1989/90 World Cup race season. Featured in the photo is world number one Pirmin Zurbriggen, gold medallist at Calgary in 1988.

ALFA VISION

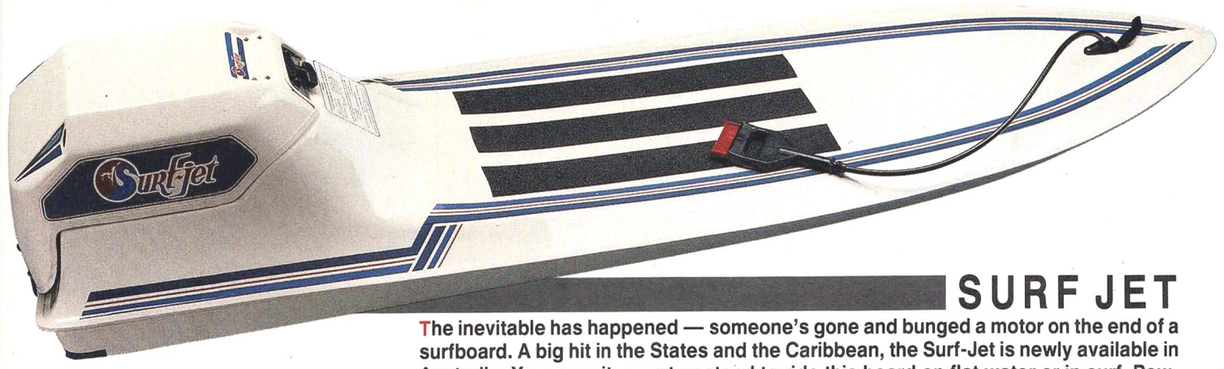
These stylish spectacle frames from Alfa Romeo are crafted in lightweight durable carbon fibre. Available in dark tan or matte black, the frames retail for around $200 (lenses extra) at all OPSM stores and other selected optical dispensers.

SMOOTH SINGLE

The tipple widely regarded as the world's smoothest single malt whisky is now available in Australia. The Singleton of Auchroisk is a pure, unblended single malt distilled in hand-beaten copper stills using the crystal spring water that bubbles into the glen of Auchroisk in Scotland. Only small batches are produced annually and each is matured in oak casks for a minimum of 12 years. In the year before bottling, part of the malt, known as the "heart", is specially matured in Spanish oaken sherry casks, adding richness, color and a distinct nutty flavor to the whisky. The Singleton sells for a recommended $39.68 at quality liquor outlets nationwide.

THE BIKE OF TOMORROW

This is the shape of motorcycles to come. The Nuda is Suzuki's breathtaking concept of the bike of the near future. Featuring "both wheel drive" and superbly uncluttered styling, said to be reminiscent of a naked body, the Nuda is powered by a modified 750cc engine and is made of lightweight honeycombed Monocoque, a hi-tech resin. Other technical enhancements to steering and handling make this the motorcycling world's most exciting prototype.

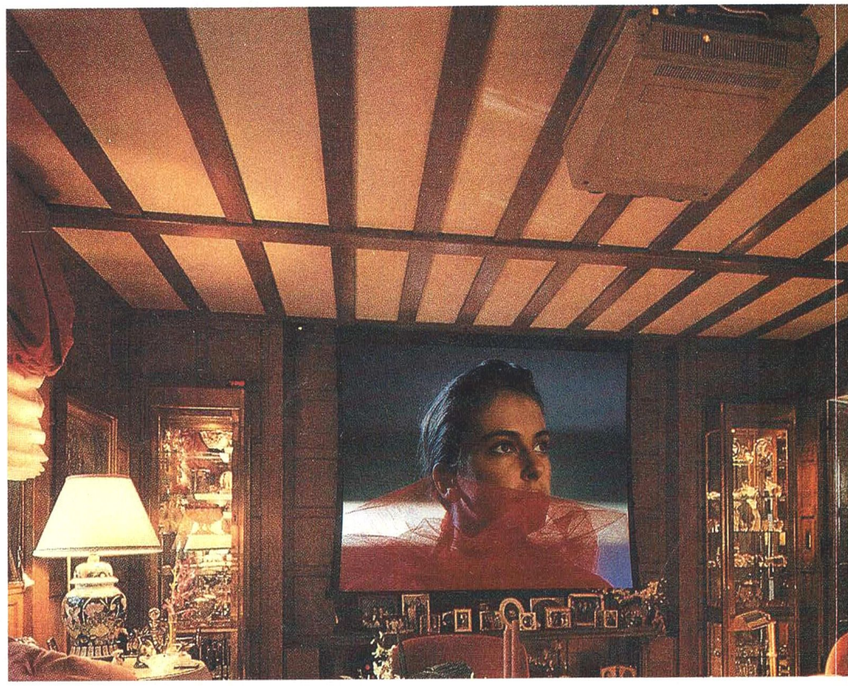


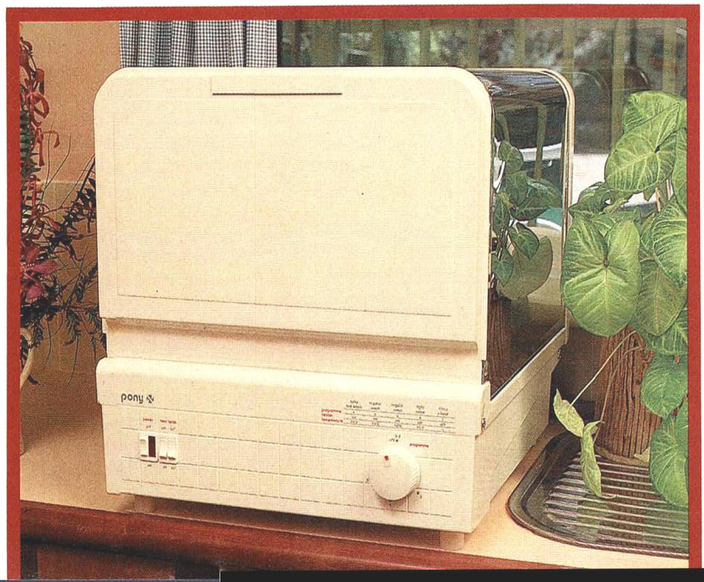
SURF JET

The inevitable has happened — someone's gone and bunged a motor on the end of a surfboard. A big hit in the States and the Caribbean, the Surf-Jet is newly available in Australia. You can sit, squat or stand to ride this board on flat water or in surf. Powered by a 15hp Subaru water-cooled engine, the Surf-Jet is capable of speeds up to 55kmph. You control it via a throttle cable mounted on its nose and it features automatic engine shut-off should you fall off. The Surf-Jet sells for $2950 through Surf-Jet Australia, phone (02) 997 7306 and (02) 953 7706.

TV2000

Belgian-made Barcovision 600 series video projectors represent the ultimate in home entertainment quality for the well-heeled couch potato. Recently launched here, the $10,000 Barcovision 600C guarantees a dazzling, almost 3-D image courtesy of hybrid lenses that deliver an optical resolution specification of 1600 lines — double that offered by other projectors. Barcovision projectors function on any television standard and can source from VCR, video disc players, off-air tuners, satellite receivers and video cameras. They can be used for front or rear screen projection on flat or curved screens and can be mounted on the ceiling or placed on or built into coffee tables. Distributed in Australia by Trace Technology (03) 646 5833.





CLEANING UP

Ideal for the bachelor's kitchen, holiday home, boat or office, the compact Lemair Pony dishwasher is a totally portable unit that simply attaches to any regular tap and conventional power source. Weighing only 17kg, the neatly styled bench-top Pony will wash four place settings or 40 average-sized glasses while using an economical 13 litres of water per wash. For stockists of the $599 Pony, contact the Lemair office in your state.

Cairns' Jamie Vanden Hooven

A QUICK PEEK AT AUGUST AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Mad, Bad Or Dangerous — Forensic psychiatrists have the task of determining whether a killer is basically bad or basically mad. They've become a fixture in Australian criminal cases as barristers regularly opt for an insanity plea, yet public opinion here and in the US is moving toward abolishing the distinction. Criminologist Paul R. Wilson presents a strong case for treating all killers as sane and responsible for their crimes.

Ian Botham Interview— Among the most successful all-rounders in cricket history, Botham is also the game's most controversial character — a larrikin extrovert whose off-field antics have landed him in plenty of trouble with cricket authorities and the law. *Penthouse* bowls the big man a few bouncers next month.

David Byrne Profile — Although he'd abhor the comparison, Talking Heads' head talker has had as much success with eccentricity as Arnold Schwarzenegger's had with muscles. Glenn A. Baker psychoanalyses rock's "renaissance man" in August *Penthouse*.

Electric Rembrandts — Tattoos are terribly trendy these days, both for men and women. You'd be amazed at some of the people who have them, and especially at where they have them. *Penthouse* presents a guided tour of a select group of illustrated bodies, and traces the fascinating history of the art form.

Pet Of The Month — Gorgeous 18-year-old Jamie Vanden Hooven dances with an outfit with the appropriate name of Fever, on Queensland's Gold Coast. Brace yourself for a date with delirium when Jamie takes centrestage in these pages next month.

COUP

Continued from page 94

posedly Kay's mates.

"It was not anything of any significance," according to Drummond. "Sanford and the others didn't really talk to me about it. It never really came up in conversation." The police had few clues and the matter appeared to fade away.

By September 1986, Drummond had reached what he calls the "gut feeling" stage. He needed time to think.

"Hoare has said that his instinct told him not to go ahead. But he ignored it. Maybe he was getting too old. I just needed time to try to figure out if I would go ahead. It's one thing to talk about it. To be honest with you, I was getting a bit sick of the whole thing." So, Drummond took his wife up to Hamilton Island for a holiday. And got arrested.

The catalysts were Dixon and La Rue but the arrest had nothing to do with the coup. Several months after Kay's murder they had told police that Drummond had done it. The court would later be told that they had not said anything earlier because they were in fear of their lives.

The press descended, Drummond became "infamous" and the coup quietly faded away.

Dixon, La Rue and their conflicting accounts of having witnessed the shooting became the key evidence against Drummond, although there was assistance from a notorious jail informant who seems to have heard more confessions in his life than the average parish priest.

In the end, a jury acquitted Drummond on the murder charge. But by then the Federal Police had already popped by for a chat about the Seychelles. Sanford and friends had scarpered by this stage although Hoffman stuck around without apparently suffering any ill-effects.

In May last year Drummond pleaded guilty to a charge under Section 7(1)(a) of the Crimes (Foreign Incursions And Recruitments) Act and got a non-parole of 12 months, back-dated to September 1986 when he was arrested on the Kay matter.

In some ways he's glad the coup never came off but he remains adamant that his plan would have worked: "Even though I was portrayed in court as a Walter Mitty I think it definitely would have worked. You can't look into a crystal ball and say it would have or it wouldn't have but my feeling is that there was a 70 to 80 percent chance.

"You know, though," he says, "I believe they were just trying to pick my brains on the coup. I think they were going to send a bunch of gangsters over anyway."

Drummond's problems didn't end there. Late in March this year he was found guilty, along with Sydney identity Tom Domican, of having conspired, while in jail, to murder another inmate, Francis Vandenberg. Drummond will appeal.

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS

Health Authority Warning*

*Packaging warning required by Government Regulation

LBV 3164 PML APB 9523/C

'lighten up'

SUPERLIGHTS

Australian
PENTHOUSE

1989

July

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